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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE chief business of the House of Commons, before adjourning for Whitsun this week, has been to abolish the plural voter. As the House decided a month ago to retain University representation, the University members are now left in the odd position of having constituencies without any certain constituents, except those who happen to reside outside the country. The British constitution can tolerate a good many anomalies, but it is unlikely that it can tolerate this one for long.

The increase of the Communist vote, from 1,525 to 5,219, at a by-election in Glamorgan, is an unpleasant symptom. I do not ordinarily attach much importance to the ups-and-downs of public favour in individual constituencies, which are often due to local causes, and most certainly I do not regard this one case as the portent or parent of revolution. But there is no sense in ignoring the violence of the swing to the extreme Left.

Within a few days the Government will announce the date when the Federal Structure Committee and the Round Table Conference will resume their work in London, and for the latter

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the first week of September is thought to be a likely date. The really important matter, however, is not the date but the terms of reference. A resumed conference might devote a great deal of time to debating afresh questions tentatively settled, and the advance made in the first session might be lost in the second.

This danger has become more real as a result of Mr. Gandhi's present attitude and the further claim that India must at any time be allowed to secede from the Empire. There is not one of the safeguards which the Congress do not propose to attack. In some quarters it is therefore considered essential that in calling the Conference the Government should so frame its terms of reference as to rule out suggestions for sweeping these safeguards away, or at any rate to make it clear that no proposal to give India the right of secession will be considered.

Unfortunately no such limitation can be imposed in the terms of reference. It is surely impossible to vary the terms of reference between the first and second sessions of the same Conference. A more fundamental objection is that to tie the Conference down to the safeguards would mean attributing a finality and definiteness to the conclusions previously come to which they were never intended to possess. Everything was provisional, and no one was more emphatic than Lord Reading that the discussions were without prejudice and that delegates were not bound by anything they said.

While recognizing, however, that to rule out discussion of the safeguards in anticipation would be wrong, there is no reason why the various parts of the British delegation should not make clear in advance that they are not prepared to agree to the infringement of those safeguards. The difficulty, of course, is that we gave everything we could give to the Liberals in January; now that Congress is going to join in, it will want some further concession which can be represented as a triumph in India.

There is, however, no possibility of conceding anything further, whatever Mr. Gandhi and Congress may think, and it is to be hoped that the British Government will not attempt to save the faces of their enemies. In any case it is to be remembered that so far as Lords Reading and Peel are concerned, acceptance of the safeguards is an essential preliminary of responsibility in the Centre.

For the moment there is a lull in the storm in Spain, but the news from that unhappy country is all of a piece. The first careless raptures with which the Republic was greeted are over, and the future is regarded with hope by none save the Communists. The Government is moving rapidly to the Left, and all the old familiar phrases about the consolidation of the regime and counter-revolutionary plots, are being trotted out to excuse the arbitrariness of its acts towards its opponents on the Right.

In these circumstances I find it difficult to resist the conclusion that nearly all Spanish news is tainted, and I am strengthened in this conviction by the fact that the Republican chauffeur, whose murder by Royalists was supposed to have occasioned the disorders last week, is alive and well. In short, at the present time there appear to be liars, damned liars, and special correspondents in Madrid.

My Berlin correspondent writes: "The violent anti-clerical course taken by the Spanish revolution is viewed with unconcealed alarm by German Catholics, and it must be expected that the repercussions of the Spanish upheaval will influence the inner political situation in Germany. The growing intensity of the Communist anti-religious campaign in Germany makes an important section of the Centre Party all the more inclined to regard recent events in Spain as a grave warning to other countries, and the tolerance extended to the Spanish revolutionaries by Socialists and Democrats in Germany increases the anxiety in Catholic quarters.

"Although the lenient view taken of Spanish excesses by the German Left is due to an uncompromising hostility to the old regime in Spain rather than to toleration of terrorist methods, there can be no doubt that the attitude adopted by Socialists and Democrats regarding the anti-clerical outrages has subjected the Centre-Socialist coalition in Prussia to an additional strain. In these circumstances the Papal pronouncement that a good Catholic cannot be an active Socialist is of special importance to Germany. The Pope's insistence on the incompatibility of Catholicism with Socialism will add to the difficulties confronting Catholic supporters of Centre-Socialist co-operation."

For the House of Commons to refuse a member leave to introduce a Bill to legalize hospital lotteries is for the House to make itself ridiculous; and I am afraid I must say the same of the *Manchester Guardian's* profession of doubt whether the hospitals would profit if lotteries were allowed. Has my excellent provincial contemporary never heard of the Irish Free State?

Or have Liberal principles become so tenuous in these days that their supporters have to ignore rather than controvert clear evidence of fact? One may approve of sweepstakes or object to them, either on general or particular grounds; but to disapprove of them on the one ground on which they are impregnable is merely silly.

The Court of Criminal Appeal does not often allow an appeal against a High Court judge, and more rarely still does it set aside the verdict of a jury—more especially in a murder case. On that ground alone the result of the Wallace appeal against the verdict of guilty by a Liverpool jury for murder is noteworthy. It is well that juries be reminded from time to time that they are not infallible, and well too that the ordinary citizen should realize that the Court of Criminal Appeal is a real safeguard against injustice, and not a mere Bench concerned only with formal points.

There is some talk in the *Daily Herald* of the cost of the appeal, which appears to have been found by the appellant's trade union and his employers, the Prudential Assurance Company. Excellent; but both union and employers went outside their ordinary functions in the matter—greatly to their credit—and one wonders what would have happened had Mr. Wallace been out of a job or without generous friends. An extremely uncomfortable reflection.

In another case, this time a civil action, in which a new trial was ordered, one of the Lords of Appeal remarked truly that it was "melancholy that a case should go on for nine or ten days and then the Court of Appeal should be obliged to say that the jury had not had satisfactory direction." Judges, as we sometimes are inclined to forget, are human; but melancholy must be a mild description of the feelings of the parties concerned, who have, after all, to pay the costs.

Mr. Mead's comments in the Marlborough Street Police Court on the excuses still put forward for shop-lifting are timely. "Shop-lifting," he says, "is a symptom of nearly every disease from which humanity suffers, and often there has been a sudden death in the family, or the mother is ill For the defence to set up this plea seems rank hypocrisy." In virtually every case he is right.

Shop-lifting is a growing evil confronting large stores, and the law should be brought into force to stop it. People do not pick up stray articles because they are worried, but because they think that the chances of detection are small. Probably they are; but if some of the "well-dressed women" who indulge in the pastime were sent to prison for a day or two, instead of paying a fine, shop-lifting would rapidly become unpopular.

Mr. Henderson has been much to the fore during the last few days, though I doubt whether the publicity which he has received will do him much good in the long run. His denial of the telegram which he was alleged to have sent to M. Briand must, of course, be accepted, though I must confess myself at one with the *Figaro* in believing that the sooner this particular mystery is cleared up the better for all concerned. The text of Uncle Arthur's supposed message was posted up both in Paris and at Versailles, so it should not be difficult to discover the perpetrator of the hoax.

I sincerely trust that those who are responsible for the organization of the Buenos Aires Exhibition are not going to allow themselves to be made the tools of the Labour Party, who are desirous of playing the Latin American market off against the Conservative policy of closer economic relations between Great Britain and the Dominions. It would be a great pity if a purely business matter of this sort were allowed to become an issue in party politics.

I mention this as I understand that although at the dinner which was held to celebrate the return of the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister and three of his colleagues were invited to be present,

no representative of the Opposition was asked as such. The reply is that it is not desired to give the function a political character, but surely the withholding of invitations from the Conservative leaders must necessarily have this result? I shrewdly suspect that the organizers of the banquet have had wool pulled over their eyes by their Socialist friends.

The Auctioneers' Institute have made an important point in answer to those politicians who are urging that the unimproved value of all land, whether developed or not, should be appropriated by the State. The Institute replies that the operation of Death Duties in the past thirty-seven years has resulted in payments equalling the whole of the land values, and in a great number of cases the whole of the total value of the property has been in that way actually transferred to the State. One cannot have one's cake and eat it too.

The deputation of twenty-two doctors, who urged the Minister of Transport on Wednesday that even moderate drinking is a danger to driving, has made the position of the owner-driver delicate. If one pint of beer really causes a reduction in skill which may persist for three hours, the driver who contemplates driving a distance of two or three hundred miles, which is nowadays not a rare occurrence, must not touch an alcoholic drink for three hours before his journey, nor stop on the way to refresh himself. There are very few car owners who would submit themselves to this treatment in England.

A last desperate bid is being made for the £400,000 which has still to be raised if the Foundling site at Bloomsbury is to be saved as a playground for the 32,000 children living in the district. Lord Rothermere's option expires in June, and it seems unlikely that this sum will be secured before that date. The committee have done very well to raise £23,000 in eleven weeks, and surely it now remains for the owners of the estate to reduce their price.

I have every possible sympathy with the "Come to Britain" movement, but I have no sympathy at all with those who contend that there is nothing wrong with British hotels. I am not referring to the hotel de luxe, which is much the same everywhere, but to the hotels catering for persons of moderate means, who form the bulk of the travelling public.

These places are below the Continental standard. They are more casually managed; their decoration is often tasteless, in spite of much good old furniture; their cooking, which could and should be good and plain, tends to be as tasteless as their decoration; and their charges for wine and their ignorance of it are outrageous.

"My dear, he hasn't a penny; he hasn't even got a car," was a chance remark overheard in a tube the other day. It struck me as typical of 1931; but how differently would a parson, an economist of the old school of thrift, and another of the new school of spending *pour encourager les autres*, comment on that straphanger's attitude to life.

BARGAIN BASEMENT NATIONALIZATION

STOCK EXCHANGE history, of a melancholy nature, was made at the beginning of this month, when for the first time on record ordinary stocks of each of the four Railway Groups to the aggregate nominal value of £500, including London and North Eastern Preferred and Deferred, could be bought for £100. Since then, quotations have further declined, until the bargain basement price at the moment of writing is about £90. City Editors have made the obvious comments on this landslide; it may be that future historians and economists will recognize it as one of the most significant developments of the post-armistice era.

The immediate causes of the Home Railway situation are known to every newspaper reader, and can be summed up in two phrases: trade depression and road competition. Of these, the first is much the more important, as is incidentally shown by the drop in receipts from the carriage of commodities in which the railways still have a virtual monopoly. Hence the general opinion, which is shared even by the pessimist, is that financial recovery merely depends on trade revival. It is beside our present purpose to discuss whether the prospects of all-round improvement in trade are sufficient to warrant the belief that at a reasonably early date the railways will again be earning something approaching their normal revenue; this is a matter on which the experts are at variance. But it is pertinent to point out that the present deplorable situation of the railway industry involves the possibility of nationalization on terms far less advantageous than holders ever imagined they would receive in the event of State purchase.

Recent developments have brought the possibility of nationalization appreciably nearer. But hitherto, it has always been imagined that State purchase would give holders a reasonable approximation to the nominal value of their stocks. Indeed, by legislation of the 'forties of last century, which does not, however, apply to lines built prior to 1844, the State already has the right to purchase on terms very favourable to stockholders. It is inconceivable that such terms, which envisaged the possibility of continuous 10 per cent. dividends, would be considered to-day, in view both of the revenues of the railways and the low price at which their stocks are to be bought in open market. But that is not all.

On the principle adopted, both at the time of grouping and in connexion with the acquisition of the Underground lines under the Government's London traffic scheme, it may be presumed that the terms of acquisition would involve the issue of Government stock giving holders of fixed interest or dividend securities the same income as at present, but that holders of ordinary stocks would receive a security on which the interest was contingent on earnings. The ordinary stocks of the four groups make up roughly a quarter of the total, which in round figures amounts to rather under eleven hundred millions. It is significant that at last week's annual conference of the Railway Clerks' Association, it was seriously suggested that the financial basis of State purchase should be between six and seven hundred millions—the aggregate market value of all the stocks—which would, of course, involve debenture holders in capital loss. No wonder the scheme was characterized as "a good business proposition."

Leaving out of account the interests of the hundreds of thousands of stockholders who would be affected by nationalization, the State ownership, operation, and control of our railway system is a matter of the highest importance to the general community. There is more than one precedent for believing that if nationalization comes, not only will it come quickly, but that insufficient time will be given to discussion of the financial terms, as was the case with grouping, and is also the case with the present London traffic scheme. It will not even be a matter of take it or leave it; stockholders will be compelled to accept such terms as may be rushed through Parliament after they have been approved by the Minister of Transport. Moreover, the attitude of railway directorates in the past does not suggest that they are likely to put up a stiff fight in defence of their stockholders' interests. Consequently, it is just as well that the public should realize, not only that nationalization must be regarded as entering the field of practical politics directly the London Passenger Transport Bill has received the third reading, but that the railways may be taken over at scrap prices, bearing no relationship either to the physical value of the properties or to their essential place in the social and economic life of the nation.

NEMESIS OVERTAKES COTTON

TIME brings strange and sometimes tragic revenges. When Joseph Chamberlain launched his policy of Tariff Reform, in October, 1903, his opponents were quick to perceive how it might affect Lancashire, then exporting annually about £20,000,000 of cotton goods to India. The Conservative Free Traders were first in the field. Both Lord George Hamilton and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made the point that once Britain departed from Free Trade she could hardly continue to resist the growing demand in India for Protection, especially since she had already conceded that right to the Dominions.

"What," asked Sir Michael Hicks-Beach cogently, "will the great cotton industry say to that?"

The great cotton industry was never in any doubt. At all costs it would prevent Protection in India. But it did not like the way these Conservatives put the argument. They seemed to assume bluntly that we could, did and should order India's fiscal policy to suit our own commercial interests. But this was too crude an attitude for Liberalism, which has prided itself on righteousness and preached liberty for all peoples. So the Lancashire Liberals were in an awkward

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dilemma. Their true position had been well expressed by one of their own party leaders, Sir Henry Fowler, who was among the first to answer Chamberlain. Rebutting the insinuation that their "Little England" policy was unpatriotic, he had declared, "We are Free Traders from pure selfishness. There is no sentimental love of, nor philanthropic generosity to other nations." Quite so: no consideration for any other people within or without the Empire. That might truly explain, but could hardly justify, their intention of forcing India to keep the open door. Wherefore they were driven back to the old doctrine that Free Trade was bound to be equally good for everybody else, and thus it was a pious duty to enforce it wherever possible. Accordingly the continued enforcement of an excise duty on locally manufactured cottons in India, to balance the revenue duty on imported cottons, was defended in India as a measure purely designed for India's good, but in England because, as later on Lord Crewe expressed it, "the weekly wages of hundreds of thousands of our employed classes" would be imperilled if it were modified in the direction of Protection.

Can we really complain of the belief abroad that British policy is sometimes tainted with hypocrisy? There was nothing new to India, with her successive experiences of alien rule, in the British Conservatives' doctrine of the conqueror's right to exploit the country, even if they had not suggested that it was only the due reward of the best Government the country had ever yet enjoyed. But to the Liberal profession, that the cotton excise duty was maintained in the interest of India rather than Britain, Indians could give neither credence nor respect. To them it could only be a sheer exasperation. When, after the Great War and the Montagu extension of representative government, the principle of fiscal autonomy was nominally conceded, the cotton excise was doomed. But Lancashire fought an obstinate rear-guard action. Though the British Government had renounced the right of interference it could still make "friendly representations" to the Government of India to consider her interests. By this means Lancashire obtained the solace of Preference, but only at the cost of intensified resentment. Lancashire cotton had become the very emblem of servitude; so that now its legal privilege of Preference has been more than annulled by the extra-legal boycott, which the Government of India itself has been constrained virtually to recognize. Obedient to Lancashire, Britain has continued to refuse Protection for herself; but India has got it all the same.

No doubt there is another side to the story. There were disinterested British administrators in India who supported the cotton excise as a fair and efficient instrument of revenue, and disliked the demand for Protection because they saw in it a conspiracy to foist inferior goods at a higher price on the millions of toiling consumers. But the popular and well-founded belief, that the excise duty was insisted upon by the Imperial Government under pressure from Lancashire, created a prejudice which blotted out the other aspect; and to-day the agitation of Gandhi and his disciples is maintained, it is said, by the financial support of Bombay millowners, exploiting it for their own ends.

Chamberlain originally based his movement on the sentiment of United Empire, saying that we must either draw closer together or drift apart. When certain commercial interests which clearly stood to gain by Preference were found to be supporting him, Free Traders were eloquent in reproof of such spurious patriotism and "abuse of the flag," just as to-day they are reprobating the Indian millowners. But was not Free Trade itself originally an appeal to commercial self-interest disguised as international peace and goodwill, thereby uniting hard-faced men and idealists? To-day the hard-faced men have lost their money, leaving the idealists to settle the joint account with the nation they have brought to the verge of ruin.

How different it might have been had Chamberlain's policy been adopted twenty years ago, even with the logical result of Protection in India. Preference might then have been established without friction, as in the Dominions. After all, there could hardly be a stronger case for Protection than India, with its vast natural resources, teeming population and special need of diversified industries to spread skilled employment and combat famine. Our duty was surely not to refuse Protection, but to devise measures for controlling the lines of industrial development in India so as to avoid the social evils which have attended it here. Nor is it only in India we are meeting the Nemesis of the self-deception which Liberalism has succeeded in maintaining as our national policy, that insular Free Trade is better for Empire harmony than the "sordid bonds" of Preference. With what feelings have we lately heard our hard-pressed kinsmen in Australia asking how we can prefer slave-grown wheat to theirs; or Canadians complaining that we have allowed our merchants actually to fix a preferential quota for Russian lumber? For all alike, the mills grind slowly but exceeding small.

EUROPE LOOKS BACK

THERE was an atmosphere of unreality about the proceedings at Geneva this week. The expected clash between France and Germany duly took place, but instead of facing the problem at issue between the two Powers, the assembled statesmen found a formula, and referred the whole business to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, which has enabled them to shelve the question for a time. This solution, if such a word can be applied to what is in reality no solution at all,

is obviously unsatisfactory. There is a great deal to be said for postponing a discussion if there is any chance of the tempers of the parties cooling in the interval, but on the present occasion there is little hope of any such development: on the contrary, public opinion on both sides of the Rhine is becoming steadily more bitter week by week.

Those who have read, or are reading, the now famous 'Memoirs of Prince von Bülow' will not fail to be struck by the similarity between the

present time and the two decades immediately preceding the late war. Then, as now, the nations were grouping themselves in two alliances, while crisis after crisis created a growing feeling of insecurity and fear. For a time it was possible to postpone the issues instead of facing them, and that method was successfully applied at Algeciras in 1906, in the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908-9, and with regard to Morocco in 1911. Finally, however, a situation arose which could no longer be postponed or averted, and then the price had to be paid for the previous refusal to face the facts. So to-day, it is still possible to shelve first this question and then that; but sooner or later the score will have to be settled in full, and if things are allowed to drift much longer the chances are that the tide will set towards war rather than peace. The spendthrift always has to face realities in the end, however adroit he may be in devising temporary expedients for putting off the evil day.

This is not by any means to say that the statesmen of Europe are consciously working for war. On the contrary, we believe they are one and all sincerely desirous of peace, but then so were their predecessors in the opening years of the century. In plain English, while the statesmen talk of peace, the Europe they are supposed to lead is drifting towards war. Last week the National Assembly of France rejected M. Briand; this week the electors of Oldenburg have proved that far from having spent itself the wave of National Socialism is still increasing; and already it is whispered that it would be better to postpone the Disarmament Conference in case it should precipitate the very conflict which it is meant to avoid. No one could be more devoted to the cause of peace than we are, and we hold the League of Nations in high respect, but to those at Geneva who still believe that the world's difficulties can be conjured away with a formula we would recall the words of Cromwell: "Be-think you in the bowels of Christ that you may be wrong."

In these circumstances it is difficult to resist the conclusion, as Sir Austen Chamberlain very rightly remarked a few weeks ago, that Europe has slipped back during the last few years down the slope which it was hoped that the Locarno

Pact would help her to climb once and for all. Is it not, then, possible that the whole method of the organization of peace has been mistaken, and that the time has come to limit very severely the number of these conference that so rarely lead to a decisive result? As a means of liquidating the effects of a war, conferences are inevitable, but there is some danger that while nominally settling the questions outstanding from one conflict they may unwittingly be preparing the ground for the next. When Canning succeeded Castlereagh at the Foreign Office in 1822 he decided that it would be safer for Great Britain to participate in as few of these international gatherings as possible, and there would be much to be said for the adoption of a similar policy at the present time. The cynic who declared that at any rate Geneva could be relied upon to produce three first-class crises a year was too near the truth to be pleasant company. It is an excellent idea to bring people together if they are likely to agree, but if they are going to differ they may be better kept apart.

For this country the danger is enhanced by the fact that the Government is incompetent, and the Foreign Secretary more familiar with the internal organization of the Labour Party than with the relations between Great Britain and her neighbours. For him and his colleagues a conference is simply an excuse to appeal to the patriotism of the Opposition not to turn them out, and the international situation a sphere in which it may be possible to bring off a "stunt" that will impress the electorate. The Locarno Pact was signed in the hope of bringing peace to a distracted Europe, but all it seems likely to achieve is that the outbreak of another European war will automatically drag Great Britain into it. In these circumstances, we hope that on his return from Geneva, the Foreign Secretary will be pressed by the Opposition to declare where the country stands on such problems as the Naval Pact, the Austro-German customs agreement, and, last but not least, the revision of the Peace Treaties. The menacing aspect of Europe is no mere departmental concern. We all know the extent of British commitments, and we have a right to know the chances of our being called upon to fulfil our pledges.

THE CASE AGAINST DISESTABLISHMENT

BY THE HON. QUINTIN HOGG

I

FEW who read beneath the surface of events will deny that one of the political questions which will come up for solution in the near future concerns the relations of the Established Church and Parliament.

Official political opinion is inclined to shelve the question. A Commission in this, as in so many other matters, has been appointed; yet here at least the appointment of a Commission is hardly likely to give the politicians a chance of avoiding their responsibilities.

Commissions may serve either of two objects; they may seek a solution for problems whereof the facts are not readily accessible and wherein the principles are not in serious dispute, or they may be used to postpone indefinitely decisions on a difficult subject.

The Commission now sitting on the relations between Church and State can fulfil neither of these objects. On the one hand, the facts which govern the position are in general sufficiently well known while the principles are seriously disputed. On the other hand, members of the Church of England will scarcely allow a decision to be indefinitely postponed.

The position briefly stated is as follows: Until 1919, the Church of England was unable legally to change either its constitution or ritual without legislation by the King in Parliament. This restriction led to great dissatisfaction, for the Free Churches were openly accused of deliberately blocking the passage of Anglican measures in order to emphasize their standing grievance against the establishment. The system was

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accordingly altered at the request of the Church of England, and the Church Assembly (Powers) Act 1919, commonly called the Enabling Act, was passed.

The details of this measure are fairly widely known and need not be recapitulated here. What is important, however, is to recall that the Act of 1919 was passed on the request of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, that is, on the request of the Church itself.

In view of the claims of the Church which have appeared since the rejection of the Prayer Book measure, it is extremely interesting to recall the actual language in which this request was couched. "We desire to lay before your Majesty a recommendation agreed to by both Houses of this Convocation, that subject to the control and authority of your Majesty and of the two Houses of Parliament, Powers, etc., shall be conferred etc." (Halsbury, 'Statutes of England,' Vol. VI, page 61.)

It is hardly creditable either to the clergy or the laity of the Church of England that less than ten years after the passing of this Statute at their own request, bishops, priests and laymen and at least one of the archbishops, should have openly complained because Parliament actually exerted the authority which was expressly allowed it by the Convocations. Either the request should not have been made in these terms, or the terms should have been loyally accepted.

On the other hand, if we ignore this aspect of the matter, it must be conceded that the claims of the Church, when stated in the abstract, are extremely specious.

The Archbishop of York has recently argued the case with characteristic ability.

The State, it is submitted, is an organization with definitely limited ends. Within its boundaries are certain great associations—industries, for example, or societies of artists, and, not least, the Christian Churches. These bodies, it is contended, should be allowed within reasonable limits to regulate their own affairs, and the State is overstepping its proper boundaries if it interferes with them when engaged upon their lawful occasions. The Prayer Book measure was one which had no concern with the outward state of public morals. It was concerned only with the ritual and the liturgy of the Church itself. And why, it is asked, should a legislature composed largely of infidels, heretics and agnostics (they never let us forget Mr. Saklatvala), yes, and of Scots, Welshmen and Irishmen, too, presume to dictate to the Church of England on matters in which the Rumbletonians and the Adamites are free, and even the literary societies of Suburbia are subjected to no restriction?

That is the argument, and its strength must not be denied. It rests not upon the merits or demerits of the Prayer Book measure, but upon broad questions of political principle.

It can scarcely be disputed by either side that the answer to this argument lies in the fact of the Establishment. If the Church of England were not an established Church, Parliament could not logically object to a High Mass in Westminster Abbey when it allows a High Mass in Westminster Cathedral.

The questions, therefore, which actually present themselves for solution are comparatively limited in number. The first which should be asked is clearly whether the Establishment is really relevant to the question at all, and whether, if it is relevant, it is all important.

Assume that Parliament remains opposed to a measure demanded by the Church Assembly—let us say, the new Prayer Book. Does it necessarily follow that the measure cannot logically be passed without the disestablishment of the Church?

A second question concerns the Church itself: What consequences would disestablishment involve? Must it bring disendowment in its train and is the Church prepared to face it if it must?

Finally, there is a question which must occur to

everyone interested in the spiritual welfare of the nation. If disestablishment is the necessary concomitant of the Church's demands, and if the Church is prepared to face it whatever its consequences—if, in short, the Church asks for disestablishment, is disestablishment to be granted without a struggle?

II

In the first place, then, can the claims of freedom put forward by the Church be granted by Parliament without disestablishing the Church?

The answer to this question is really quite clear. Officials of the Church are anxious to maintain that the freedom they desire is consistent with the Establishment; they cite the Church of Scotland as an example. But this contention cannot possibly be upheld. The parallel with the Church of Scotland is hardly exact. There can be no doubt that if that Church were seriously suspected of a tendency to "Popish Practices" (and that rightly or wrongly is the position in which the Church of England finds itself) licence to follow such a tendency could only be bought at the price of disestablishment. While the Church of England remains established, it must be in some sense the Church which par excellence represents English religious feeling.

To the first of our questions, we must therefore answer that so long as public opinion views with such repugnance as it does the tendencies displayed by the Church Assembly, "freedom" can only be bought at the price of disestablishment.

What would be the consequences of disestablishment? Disendowment must inevitably follow. To imagine that an institution which has ceased to be legally representative of religious England could possibly hope to retain the benefits conferred upon it in virtue of that legal position is not merely illogical, it is extremely impractical. The Nonconformists' objection to tithes and other Church privileges and to wealth derived indirectly from such privileges, are hard enough to meet as it is. Disendowment is not merely logically, it is politically the inevitable outcome of disestablishment. It is extremely difficult to see why the Church of England should even maintain the exclusive right to its historic buildings.

Would the Church accept disestablishment on those terms? That is a question which it is clearly impossible to answer, but before priests or laymen of the Church of England talk about disestablishment, it is as well that they should know what it means.

There must, however, be countless people who agree with the present writer, that even if the Church Assembly were to demand it, disestablishment is quite unthinkable.

England has been a Christian country for fifteen hundred years and its people is still predominantly a Christian people. The Church of England is composed of those who have been baptized Christians and who do not definitely belong to some religious body, membership of which is inconsistent with membership of the English Church.

This is legally a fact, but, still more important, it is actually a fact. It is fair, no doubt, to say that if religion means very much to the Man in the Street, it is his duty to go to church and play his part in the management of things religious. He does not perform this duty, and in so far as he is fundamentally a Christian it is fair to criticize him for it.

But to utter criticisms of this kind does not free the Church from her cure of souls. It is the mission of the Church of England to care for the souls, not merely of communicating members of the Church, but of all English citizens who have not expressly withdrawn themselves from the fold. That is the meaning of the Establishment and that is its justification. Willingly to abandon its position as the Established Church would be a formal act whereby the Church of England renounced its mission, and became a mere sect

for those who cared to attend its services. The duty of sectarian bodies like the Church of Rome in England or the Plymouth Brethren, is to those who contract in. The duty of an Established Church is to all those who do not contract out.

This line of reasoning should be very closely reflected upon by those who take part in the proceedings of

the Church Assembly. The Church Assembly is absurdly unrepresentative of English religious opinion. It represents by an indirect method a ridiculous minority even of regular church-goers. It would be a great disaster for Christian England if such a body, for the sake of a phantom freedom, led the Church to renounce her mission.

THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY

BY M. LAURENT EYNAC

(Formerly French Minister of Aviation)

THE Schneider Trophy Race has contributed enormously not only to the study and design of seaplanes in respect of their aerodynamic qualities and the maximum reduction of head resistance, but also to the realization of high-powered and supercharged engines.

This latter achievement is, in my view, one of the most interesting and most valuable results of the Schneider Trophy contests, and one which will be most serviceable for the practical utilization of the supercharged engine. Obviously the perfecting of such engines will prove an incalculable advantage to any scouting squadrons in time of war. Without the Schneider Trophy I very much doubt if this enormous progress would have been attained so quickly.

Of course the objection may here be raised that these high-powered engines are exceptional in character and that it is vain to expect them to last any length of time. They were hardly designed for that purpose—true—nevertheless, it does not follow that the quality of endurance which may have been lacking to them in 1929 will not be found in them in the future if we are to judge from the very interesting types of engines which English constructors exhibited at the last Salon Aeronautique in Paris. In fact we have all been so much impressed by their work that aeroplane constructors all over the world are trying to follow their example. French constructors in particular have worked hard on the lines laid down by England, and several of the engines which they exhibited at the Salon in Paris reveal the progress that they have made in this direction. The Schneider Trophy incidentally also created the same emulation in Italy, where powerful seaplanes signalized themselves in the speed tests.

As soon as the French Ministry of Air was constituted, we immediately realized the importance and significance of the Schneider Trophy contests, and in particular we signed contracts with important engine and seaplane constructors to allow France to take part in the Schneider Trophy trials of this year. We have entered several French machines for these races not only because we think that the races are beneficial to aviation as a whole, but also because the development and promotion of a high-powered motor-industry is in accordance with our policy of providing our naval aviation with powerful and speedy machines. Highly significant of our progress in this direction are the many new seaplane records that French aviators have made quite recently, and there is no doubt that we are

working full blast. We are quite satisfied with the progress that we are making.

In the same way we have ordered a number of very powerful motors with a view to winning the Schneider Trophy Race next September. We know, of course, how skilled are our opponents, especially the English; nevertheless we believe that French seaplane constructors will be able to hold their own in every respect and that we stand a good chance of acquitting ourselves creditably in the very trying tests for the Schneider Trophy.

It is, however, fallacious to limit our field of essay in seaplane construction to that of high-speed contests like the Schneider trials. And we aim therefore at a combined effort which will include, in addition to the above, the creation of strong multi-engined machines which will be suitable either for co-operating with the naval forces of our country in time of war, or be utilized for purposes of commerce or postal services in time of peace.

I am of the opinion that there is no limit to the scope of seaplanes and that they will prove a most efficient means in creating liaisons between one country and another. The importance of such speed trials as the Schneider Trophy contests cannot consequently be over-estimated, and they should be promoted in every country so long as they are not an end in themselves but simply part of a more comprehensive general scheme. Given these conditions and an attitude such as that expressed above on the part of the authorities towards them, such contests will always remain exceptionally valuable owing to the severe tests which they apply and the experience which they bring where aerodynamics are concerned. They also, on the one hand, give us an insight into the delicate problems governing high-speed flight and, on the other, help us towards the achievement of light and powerful engines which, although they are exceptional, can contribute to research to such an extent that they provoke ever fresh undertakings in the realm of air travel.

Such briefly is the importance which I attach to contests which many have criticized, in my opinion, a little injudiciously. And I think it agrees more or less with the view which is generally held in my country on this very important matter. If only for the purpose of national defence the fact of having developed—thanks to the Schneider Trophy contests—a principle which enables the engine to maintain its full power at all altitudes is of enormous importance, and in the field of peace it will prove almost as beneficial. We must not ignore the enormous possibilities that seaplanes offer in every domain.

THE NEW SUBMERGED TENTH - I

BY R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

THE middle classes, of whom I propose to speak in this article, include large numbers of doctors, lawyers, schoolmasters, authors, journalists, artists, professors, engineers, architects, chartered

accountants, scientists, inventors and explorers. They are payers of income-tax; but of the 2,250,000 persons who are subject to this burden, not all belong to this class. For I exclude those rich persons whose

business enterprise is doubtless reduced by taxation, but whose personal comforts are not seriously affected by it; and also those persons at the other end of the scale, who, owing to the exemption of a large proportion of their income, pay a very small percentage of their receipts to the Inland Revenue. The intermediate class of taxpayers precisely correspond with the highly educated middle-classes, who are doing three-fourths of the brain-work of the country. These, now awaiting extermination, constitute about one-tenth of the population.

"The biggest burdens on the broadest shoulders," says Mr. Snowden, with inexorable rectitude. The middle-class man, regarding the burden, shrugs his shoulders and wonders. What more, poor devil, can he do? There are no big battalions fighting or voting on his side; and it is not even easy to show that the logic of justice is not against him. The average income is considerably under £300 a year. Then how can a man with, say, £1,500 a year (subject to tax) pretend to be poor? Can we reproach the Chancellor of the Exchequer for putting a super-tax on incomes in excess of £1,500? Was he not justified last year when he put an extra sixpence on the "broad shoulders" of the middle-class income-tax payers? Was there any reason why, being hard up for £10,000,000 in framing his last Budget, he should not single out these same capacious earners, and require them to produce this extra trifle next January?

The broadest shoulders! What counter-argument can be found which does not rest on a claim to some special privilege, some special right of sanctuary? Those who belong to the working middle-class complain that they have to pay for the social services which benefit only the poor. But consider the items in turn. They pay for the elementary education of the poor; but do they not claim the special privilege of sending their own sons to public schools or universities? They contribute to the charges of panel doctors; but do they not themselves expect the more attentive services of personally paid medical practitioners? They pay a considerable share of the unemployment insurance premiums of the working-classes; but have they not an income out of which to pay it? They support the Army, the Navy and the Air Force; but do not these forces exist to defend their superior stake in the country? They pay for old-age pensions and widows' pensions; but if they exercise sufficient thrift, and are lucky, can they not insure their own widows, and their own old age?

It will be seen that every complaint on the score of these contributions to the poor rests on their claim to some privilege which the working-classes do not enjoy. So long as any shred of these exclusive privileges remains, Mr. Snowden and his party are armed with an argument for making them pay more, and still more, for those who are poorer than themselves; and for continuing the process until they have ceased to be better off than their neighbours, and have been absorbed in the ranks of the poor.

Mr. Snowden does not put the matter so bluntly. The Trades Union Congress does. In its proposals to the Commission on Unemployment Insurance, it has stated the case in its nakedest and most uncompromising form. The burden of unemployment insurance is to be lifted entirely from the backs of the working-classes; it is to be increased by making benefits payable to the unemployed equal to the wages of the fully employed; and it is to be transferred *en bloc*, nominally to the whole community, but in the main to the patient beasts of burden who already pay income-tax. And why not? For they

have the broadest backs. The process continuing year by year will soon achieve the ends of abstract justice. The privileges of the working middle-classes will have been taken from them, and they will be ranked—where surely they should be on principles of equality—with the rest of the working community.

Now if the middle-classes accept this interpretation of equality, there is no more to be said. But if they would make a stand, and put forward a reasonable case for themselves, it must take the form, not of denying their special privileges, but of justifying them. They must establish their claim, if they have one, to a superior standard of living; and it must be on the ground that they have a special *raison d'être*; that they serve an important function in the State which cannot be fulfilled unless their special needs are satisfied; and that the country would be worse off if their distinctive services were withdrawn.

With a view to establishing this claim I submit the three following propositions:

1. That since the middle of the fifteenth century the main developments in literature, art, science, exploration, social philosophy and social reorganization have been due to men who were either born into or acquired a middle-class status.

2. That the standard of living now enjoyed by the middle-class, permitting a certain amount of leisure and freedom from unsuitable work, is the minimum which should be set up as the ideal for the whole human race.

3. That while society remains unable to provide that minimum for all its members, it is essential to its civilization that as many as possible of those who have now attained to that minimum shall not fall below it. Deprived of the class which has reached that standard, Britain would return to barbarism.

Space forbids that I should present here a list of the men who have been pioneers of thought or innovators in constructive social work since the Renaissance. But anyone who will take the trouble to make out such a list will discover that the great majority of names are those of men of moderate means whose scale of living during the period of their success was midway between that of the working-class and the wealthy. They were reinforced, of course, by a certain number of rich men, who excelled more particularly in politics, and by a certain number of geniuses, like the poet Burns or the explorer Cook, who sprang from the humblest sphere of life. But the latter, as they achieved success, normally adopted the standard of the middle-class, and were its natural recruits. The present Prime Minister, though of very poor parentage, for nearly fifty years enjoyed the status and the privileges of a member of the middle-class.

The wide dissemination of culture during the nineteenth century was mainly the work of men belonging to this class. It was the heyday of that privileged section of the community. We may laugh at its conventions, its sentimentalism, and its rigid-Victorian code; but it is fair to remember that it created the humanitarian point of view which emancipated the working-class, and afforded opportunities for its latent talent to emerge. Under pressure, it may be said. Well, perhaps. Anyhow, here is the problem of to-day: Is it better to leave the ranks of the middle-class open to able recruits from below, or is it better to absorb this class in the yawning gulf of the proletariat? In other words, have we now reached an epoch in which Mr. Snowden is justified in depressing its status with a view to its final elimination?

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

MECCA IN MAY

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI-SHAH

THIS is the intense season of Muslim piety, the time of year when Islam passes through the supreme passion of religious fervour. In these days of rapt meditation a hundred thousand or more Muslim pilgrims are swarming into the sacred city of Mecca to pay that personal tribute to the memory of the Prophet which myriads of them have looked forward to as the climax of religious experience.

The Stone of the Kaaba is the Grail of the Muslim's heart. Countless numbers of these pilgrims dwell beneath the British flag, yet from every part of the world the suppliants come, traversing the sandy tracts leading to the city in motor-cars, on camel-back, or, in the case of the less affluent, trudging their dreary, thirsty way on foot. All are inspired by a single purpose—to lay their hearts at the central shrine of Allah.

To enter Mecca at this time is certain death for any but a Muslim. My recent visit to the mystic shrines of the veiled city left a most powerful impression on my mind—an impression of such deep sanctity as the fervent Christian must experience on beholding Rome or Jerusalem.

I arrived by steamer at Jeddah, the Red Sea port, and travelled with thousands of fellow pilgrims to the City of Prayer. The long caravan twisted and trailed for leagues over the sandy desert path, its passage accompanied by loud and constant outbursts of prayer. With shaven head and wrapped only in a white linen garment, I sat on camel-back, keeping time to the swaying of the animal in reciting the ninety-nine names of Allah, only dimly realizing the beauty of the changing colours of the bare brown rocks and yellow hummocks of sand—now violet, now gold, now blood-red—as the sun passed through the several stages of his course.

At length there rose from the yellow waste the twin and silver-white pillars which mark the inviolable sanctuary of Islam, some three miles outside the boundaries of the holy place. Then, like a mirage or the amazement of a city in dream, Mecca itself flashed upon the sight, rearing its domes and minarets in the heart of a violet mist, encircled by dun hills which seemed themselves to bear the impress of the ages.

A great cry of prayer arose from the caravan of thousands of the faithful. Followed a deep hush of reverence, men prostrating themselves and lifting tear-dimmed eyes to the city toward which they had prayed five times a day all their lives, as their ancestors had done for over a thousand years.

Arrived at Mecca, I waited among the crowd in the remorseless heat, the sun beating mercilessly on my shaven head, till an opportunity offered itself of approaching the sacred precincts. The Harem-Sharief, or Great Mosque, was packed with countless devotees, each waiting his turn to kiss the mystical Black Stone which, set in silver, is built into the wall of a small room covered with priceless tapestry. It is incumbent on each pilgrim to walk round the Kaaba seven consecutive times. The sacred enclosure stands in a vast square some seventy yards by thirty, surrounded by colonnades with double arches. The multitudes which continually press towards it make its approach exceedingly difficult, the lingering of the devout around its heavy curtains retarding entrance frequently for many hours. But on such occasions one must be patient.

For the space of ten days, from dawn almost till nightfall, prayer rose and fell unceasingly. In the

religious shade of Mecca there is none of the lighter side of life. The strict code of Islam is here accentuated by a deep religious awe almost terrifying in its mystical earnestness, the intention being to reveal to the pilgrim the difference between the Islamic faith at its source and nucleus and its atmosphere in other countries.

The pilgrims sojourn in caravanserais consisting of roomy houses built on the slopes of the hills, and towering six or seven stories high. These are rented by the people of Mecca, who derive much profit from them, the prices charged running from three to thirty pounds for a ten days' stay, according to the distance of the dwelling from the shrine. As nothing grows in that part of the country, all food has to be imported from the Red Sea ports. The pilgrims cook their own food, and purchase their own rations of water, and as the city can boast of only one well the water of which is reasonably drinkable, the supply to some hundred thousand pilgrims constitutes a problem of no small complexity.

Water has therefore to be brought all the way from Jeddah, and usually costs about a shilling for a small bucketful, and when it is recalled that the normal daily temperature stands about 130° in the shade, the demand for water may be imagined. As for ice, it is pounced upon immediately and, when it can be got, commands a ransom. Generally speaking, there are no facilities for cooling the houses either by electric fans or other methods usually in vogue in the tropics, and the pilgrim must resign himself to a condition of the utmost discomfort.

When the heat abates somewhat in the evening, one may walk in the wonderful bazaars and examine those amazing silks and matchless beads which are, perhaps, the chief manufactures of Mecca. Solemn and sweet, too, it is to climb the surrounding hills at moonrise to behold sacred Mecca shimmering in white, an ivory city in a sea of silver, her casements lit with the golden gleam of thousands of candles, showing where the faithful are still at their private devotions. Or one may ride round the environs on donkeys gaily dressed, for the motor-car, the abomination of modernity, is not permitted within the Holy City.

On one day of extraordinary revelation of Muslim piety I beheld thirty thousand Wahabi Arabs of the desert mounted on their camels, praying in their serried ranks, their warrior king, Sultan Ibn Saud, dressed, like all the rest, as a humble pilgrim, leading the devotions. It was three in the afternoon, when the heat was greatest, and the shimmering heat-waves rolled in and out of the ranks of the stern Wahabi soldiers, their immobile faces, set like the granite statues of Egypt, lifted to the wall of the mighty rocks as they followed the deep intonations of their leader's prayer.

"Meekly do we approach Thee, O Mightiest of the Mighty," he read. "Lead us to the path trodden by the faithful and accepted ones." Loud and long he prayed, and suddenly ceased, as if overcome by religious emotion. Down poured the terrific rays of the desert sun on his defenceless head, but he resumed his task. "Give us strength, O Allah," he continued, "to walk in Thy way so that we might be of service to Islam." Thirty thousand Wahabi soldier-voices mingled in one mighty "Amen," rumbling and echoing through the hills into the parched sand of the desert beyond.

Three hours later the multitude were still at their devotions, till dispersed by the call of the muezzin from the minarets of Mecca to evening prayer. Ibn Saud, the warrior-ruler of Arabia, the Napoleon of the Desert, took his place in the humblest ranks of the faithful,

for Islam is the most democratic religion in the world. In the brief sunset, which in the desert lasts for a few moments only, our caravan moved seaward once more. The majority of the pilgrims were unconscious of each other's presence. Filled with holy ardour,

our hearts were joyous with the memory of a great religious vow discharged—the pilgrimage to Mecca, the crowning glory of the Muslim's life. Under the white scimitar moon of the desert we filed towards Jeddah, a deep joy in our breasts.

FUTURISM: THE ART MILITANT

BY S. T. MARINETTI

IT is nearly twenty-two years since some of my friends and I carried out a public demonstration of futurism at Trieste. Our movement did not fail to attract a great deal of attention, first of all in Italy and then in other countries. Discussions, disturbances, meetings and disputes went on for years. All this kind of thing was welcome to us young futurists. Every shower of rotten eggs, onions and potatoes was so much oil on the flames, and only encouraged us. As we were young and aggressive we rather enjoyed it, because it showed that our ideas were becoming known to the public, and the more opposition we encountered the more we felt that we were obtaining the publicity we needed.

To make a complete list of all that futurism has given to humanity would not be easy. The new currents of opinion in fine arts, the various forms of modernism, many social and political novelties are more or less indebted to futurism for their existence. I have become a member of the Italian Royal Academy and of the Legion of Honour. Futurism is recognized in official circles, which cannot have failed to recognize the importance of the work accomplished by futurism in stimulating the modern spirit and putting new life into inert social institutions. And yet, while most people are willing to admit that futurism has done something, they do not quite know what it means.

Although we futurists have made good and time has passed, we still remain young and militant, and are by no means content with the results obtained.

The first great conquest for futurism was in making the world realize the artistic value of machinery, and the religion of speed. Machinery was at first regarded merely as a means to an end, as something useful, no doubt, but having no other æsthetic interest, nor relation to human life. We were the first to recognize that machinery is a new form of beauty, which ought not to remain a terra incognita for poetry, and which should have a place in art. Some people called futurism the religion of speed, and others saw in it the Italian will of innovation and rejuvenation. Benedetto Croce called us the mystics of action, while others gave us the title of liberators from the tyranny of a single æsthetic system. In poetry, we freed words from the rules of syntax and tradition. Our poems, which we called "words at liberty," gave the world new and previously unsuspected sensations. Our paintings have demonstrated that the spirit of the time cannot be rendered by the meticulous methods of the past, and that, if we are to express the present day we need a courageous destruction of forms and a perfect orgy of colour. Our impulse has given rise to numerous currents. We have been followed by the cubists, the super-realists and the constructivists, who were all pursuing very much the same ideals as those to which we drew the attention of our fellow human beings.

Unfortunately they have come to a halt or have lost their way through wandering from the definite line to which we continue to adhere. The result of the organic development of our art was aeropainting, of which our artists have produced numerous examples during the past few years. Not long ago, in Milan, we held an exhibition of paintings by artists who were either air pilots or who knew the sensation of flying through actual experience. As anyone can readily understand,

a man who flies must have a different style of painting from that of another man who has never been above the earth. To contemplate the earth, that great ant-heap, from a height, is to destroy one's belief in laws of perspective which were supposed to be eternal. Aeropainting does not confine itself to making great changes in perspective; it also expresses the delightful intoxication known to those who have tasted the joys of flight.

When futurism was in its infancy, we, its advocates, were roundly abused for advocating war. Among those who treated us the worst were the Socialists. They called us police dogs. Mussolini has realized the rejuvenating and purifying force which futurism has placed at the service of Italy—futurism, the forerunner of Fascism. The pacifists wanted to put brakes on the vital forces of the country to make Italy a country of cowards and valetudinarians. We overthrew decrepitude and opened the gate to Youth.

We regard war as a cosmic force which humanity cannot avoid, and, just for this reason, it is braver to accept war as a fact and utilize it for purposes of evolution and rejuvenation.

There is no relationship between us militant futurists and Hitler's reactionaries. Fascism is on the side of development and social renovation, while Hitlerism is the party of revenge.

Futurism cannot rest satisfied with these victories. It is a creative force in the present and the future. Apart from aeropainting, one of the most interesting features of our present activity is the renovation of culinary art. We are no longer satisfied with the cookery slowly evolved through centuries. We recently opened a futurist restaurant in Milan and called it the Santo Palato (His Reverence the Palate). Our friend Fillia uses it as a propaganda centre for a new culinary art, the chief principle of which is to get away from the established notion that certain kinds of food must be eaten with certain other kinds. We have tried combinations never previously attempted, and our greatest success was sausage and coffee, which our most determined opponents had to admit to be things that go very well together. This restaurant does not confine itself to titillating the palate. It also appeals to the senses of sight and touch and hearing, the combination of which raises the pleasures of the table to heights previously unknown. In sufficiently modern surroundings, to the accompaniment of carefully thought-out music and noises, we give our customers something to touch. To hold a spoon in the right hand and hold a cold or hot, rough or soft, surface of a "table tactile" in the other is to enrich the sensation provided by the meal.

We have even reformed music. After years of labour, my friend Russolo has perfected an instrument which reproduces many of the sounds of modern machinery—sounds which no ordinary orchestra can convey.

A few years ago, our futurist congress at Milan was attended by representatives of 102 associations in various parts of the world. This congress showed that futurism is a force which is spreading all over the world. It would be futile to deny the existence of such a force or try to hold it back from its progress. We shall soon produce a new manifesto defining the purposes and the programme of futurism. I believe it will be even more sensational and revolutionary than the one which startled the world twenty-two years ago.

THE CROCODILE WOMAN

BY "FRADFA"

MABILIFU stands high on the right bank of the River Rokelle.

At sunset, the monkeys leave the bush on the opposite bank, and play, Up! Jenkins, leap frog, touch and run, and other games common to people who sit in the light of the sun.

Away in the distance, on the other side of the oil palm forest, looms a blue grey range of mountains, standing out against the glorious crimson sky of a tropical setting sun. Here and there, the smoke of the evening fires filters through the palm tree tops into the motionless air.

As darkness descends, the hungry, vigorous blasts of hippopotami, preparing for their evening meal in the rice fields of some unfortunate farmer, breaks the peaceful evening calm.

It was at this village, so report ran, that men and women constantly and mysteriously disappeared never to be seen again.

I was detailed to make a special inquiry into these persistent rumours.

Well, it is a story many people will not believe, but it is true. I am not a "gin-and-bitter" devotee which I should be tempted to include among possible accomplishments of the chronicler were he other than the author!

One of my men and I used a secret code of communication, whenever we deemed it necessary to attract each other's attention.

We arrived at Mabilifu at noon, and soon settled down. The head-man came along to pay his respects, and to present the usual hospitable gift of fowls, eggs and rice for which I always paid in some shape or form, and in such a way that the actual source of the gift got his or her fair share.

Having first heard the local news, gossip, and multitudinous complaints, I was "teasing" in my piazza, when my man, running across the clearing, stumbled and fell. As he rose, he stretched out one arm. Just at that moment, a young woman came to the door of her hut a few yards away and sat down. I took no notice of her, and went on eating. After he had "recovered" from his "fall," Momo, for that was his name, came over, pretended to make a report, among the words of which occurred, "Talk to that woman." If anybody had been "listening-in" he could not have accused him of being my informant, he acted so cleverly.

To protect from vengeance those who helped me to detect criminals and others in need of attention, I never revealed the source of my information.

Occasionally, unavoidable circumstances intervened, sometimes with tragic results, as with the brave fellow whom the "Alligator" people drowned.

To get on with my story, a little later on Momo and I strolled down to the river, and then round the village. Passing her house, I saluted the lady with "Bua, beva bi gahun?" (Equivalent to "Good evening, how are you?"). She said she felt very well, and asked me what I was doing at Mabilifu, as it had never been visited by a white man.

I glanced at her, and something made me tell her of the reports which had come to the knowledge of the authorities. She told me that rumour, for once, was correct. She said that she was a "four-eyed" woman with power to look into the future, see things which others could not see, and that, at night, she left her body, entered the body of a crocodile, and so caught and killed people. She confessed that this accounted for the mysterious disappearances of which the whole countryside knew, that the people suspected her but dared not point to her as the culprit.

During this conversation, the pupils of her eyes contracted to a pin's point, or became so enlarged that the iris almost disappeared. When she looked at my eyes I felt as if she had "got hold of my inside."

She was a good-looking lass, and, a very rare thing in that country, unmarried.

I laughed when she came to the end of her narrative, and suggested that she was "pulling my leg." "Not a bit of it," said she, "I'll prove it to you. I can't help what I do. I like you, and perhaps you can help me."

To cut a long story short, I agreed to pay her a visit that night. I may add here that, in those "uncivilized" days, it paid people to mind their own business.

The village was asleep behind bolted and barred doors and windows. The moon had risen in all her glorious beauty, and the scene really looked and felt like peace on earth and good will towards men.

Arriving at her hut, I opened the door and went in. She knew I would keep my word.

She was lying on her sofa, apparently asleep. I spoke to her—no answer. I patted her face—not a move. I lifted an eyelid, and touched the eye—the eyelid did not tug. I then tried to tickle her—no result. I slapped her bare stomach with a wet towel, and then gave up trying to rouse her. She was neither drunk nor drugged, and her breathing and pulse were perfectly normal.

All this time, Momo stood by with my sporting Lee-Metford in his hand, looking as if he would like to find another job. "Do you understand it, Momo?" I questioned. He shook his head. "Let's go down to the river then," I went on; "it's no use staying here."

At the river side the scene was simply exquisite. Not a cloud under the diamond-studded moonlit blue dome, the surface of the water gleaming silvery white. Not a sound but the cicada beetle, and an occasional "call" from the forest on the other side of the river.

We sat down and smoked. Presently, Momo nudged me. I looked up, startled, and followed the direction of his outstretched hands. I saw the head of a crocodile of respectable size coming slowly towards where we sat. "Shoot! Shoot!" he whispered. I shook my head and pushed the rifle away. The crocodile stopped, sank, and did not reappear.

When I had recovered my breath, and my heart had steadied down, I returned to the hut with Momo and went in. The crocodile woman was sitting up. She smiled, stretched out her hands saying, "Do you believe me now?" I nodded and sat down, so did Momo, but as far away as he could get.

She took hold of my hand and then told me that what I had just seen happened "every moon," and gave me the names of the people she had killed and hidden away. She said that from the time she entered the crocodile she had all the strength and voracity of a crocodile.

Concluding her story with, "I can't help it, it is God's Power, help me," she sank to the ground and, clasping my ankles, put her head on my feet and wept. I let her stay there until her emotion, and mine, had subsided, Momo murmuring, "Ooya! Ooya!" an expression denoting intense sadness, and the deepest sympathy.

When she had recovered herself she got up, sat by me, took my hand again, and asked me if I intended to arrest her.

I said, "No! And you won't do it again." Then I took her face between my hands, kissed her on the lips, and left her.

That was the last I saw of her.

23 May 1931

In the morning I made it clear to the head man of the village that I had come to see him on purpose to inquire into the reports received of men and women who had disappeared from Mabilifu, leaving no trace. He agreed that the reports were true, but could offer no explanation. I examined various witnesses, letting them tell their own tale, and they all related virtually the same thing. Not a word about the 'crocodile woman'.

At the end of a long day I told the assembly that I knew there were large crocodiles in the river, and that the remedy lay in their own hands. We discussed the setting of traps, and I left it to them to devise ways and means of killing crocodiles trapped if they were anxious to avoid a rather ghastly form of death.

Next day I continued my patrol of that area. On the way, Momo said to me, "Keni (master, or sir), why didn't you kill that crocodile?" "Because the woman would have died at the same time," was my

instinctive explanation, and it was what I felt, and still feel, to be the truth.

Some weeks after, Momo reported he had heard by "flying news" that the crocodile woman left the village the same day that I did, leaving no trace, and that, following my advice, the people of Mabilifu had caught several crocodiles and killed and eaten them amid much rejoicing.

I made several totally unsuccessful efforts to trace the crocodile woman. She just disappeared.

I feel that when I kissed her, after telling her she would not "do it again," she took it to mean that she must die, and she did. She was so extraordinary that it would have been impossible for her to remain alive and not reveal her whereabouts to—possibly—her only friend.

Had she lived, unable to control her uncanny (to put it mildly) gift, I would not have had her locked up as a lunatic, I would have destroyed her body and so set her free.

PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS

BY DAPHNE DU MAURIER

SHE lay on the couch, her hands beneath her head. There were five mirrors in the room, so that she could see herself from every angle. Five long mirrors arranged against the wall. They reflected her full face, profile, three-quarters. She could watch herself turn and speak and move across the room. Every gesture, every movement, she practised in front of the mirrors, until she became like two people, one watching the other, one correcting the other's faults. There was no pose she had not studied, no expression she had not perfected. She knew the shape of her mouth when she smiled, she could see the effect of bringing shadows into her eyes. Her trick of raising her right eyebrow, the arrogant tilt of her chin, the odd fluttering movement of the left hand—all these and more of her famous mannerisms she had watched for hours until they had become part of her.

She was polished, she was faultless. She could do nothing wrong. She had brought her artificiality to such a point of perfection that it was natural to her, it was impossible for her to say or to do anything without having subconsciously planned it in advance. It was as if she sat aside and watched her effects.

She knew the right moment for a change of mood, she knew when to be gay as well as when to be thoughtful.

Her public would say, "But she is wonderful; she is so sympathetic, so sincere"; and they believed in her sincerity and in her sympathy. They believed in her because of her incredible beauty, because she gave them pleasure, and because of her infallible courtesy towards them.

She was aloof, she was generous, she was passionate, she was uplifted, she was everything they wished her to be. And all the while she was none of these things; she did not exist save in their imaginations. She was a shadow, alone in a dark room, reflected to five mirrors. She lay on a couch with her hands beneath her head. To-night would be but one more triumph, one more little cloud of glory. No effort was required. She had only to move, to make the tiniest gesture.

She saw herself making that first entrance, the heavy curtains pulled slowly aside, and then standing on the top of the wide staircase, the figure of a woman dressed in black velvet, with one rope of pearls around her throat. She stood a moment, waiting, expectant, and when the applause rang out the faint smile of recognition, the fluttering movement of her left hand. It had all happened before, varied in

many different ways. It gave her no pleasure to watch this woman, to see her move and speak. It was merely a custom, something that clung to her.

To-night she was tired. To-night she could not bring herself to look for the figure on the stairs. It had become too easy, too mechanical. There was no more to be learnt. Besides, she never felt anything now. Sometimes in the middle of a scene, she was conscious of her voice running on and on, like a wound-up doll, and she would listen to it, wondering when it would stop. She would see her hands move, she would find herself walking across the stage, and all the while she was thinking of nothing, she was feeling nothing. She found herself wondering if it were possible to make a different movement, to strike another attitude, but always the senseless words came from her mouth. Inevitably she placed her arms thus, her shoulder thus. It would be the same to-night. She had still one hour in which to rest, one hour before she need make any effort. It was her custom to be alone before an opening, quite alone, so that no one should disturb her, or worry her.

They passed along the passages, wondering what she was doing behind the closed door. Nervous, excited groups, whispering in corners, sweating under their make-up. Some silent and tense, like prisoners awaiting execution. All of them, except perhaps that eager girl who had but one line to say, a little sick at heart.

They wondered what she was feeling behind the door, they wondered if she felt anxious too. They knew that when she appeared among them she would pass by, aloof and infinitely remote, and then when they thought she had forgotten all about them, she would pause and smile at them all in turn. "Good luck, everybody." Then each one flushed and felt that he or she had been singled out personally, and swaggered a little, ready to face an arena. But she had not come yet. She was still alone in her room. She had not moved from the couch, she had not even bothered to turn on the lights.

It was dark now, and the various objects of furniture were reflected, dim and strange in the five mirrors. And in each one of the mirrors was herself, a silent company of grey, intangible figures. The ghosts of five women, each slightly distorted, each a little different, but all moving at the same time, with regular mechanical gestures, like living marionettes. They filled the room, these figures. They took on giant proportions. They flattened themselves against the

wall, and stretched their finger to the ceiling. She tried to cover her eyes with her hands, but something pulled them apart. The room was full of phantoms and memories and of dim forgotten things. They were calling to her to remember. To look back, to realize the waste and desolation. How a word, a laugh, a smile, had brought pain to someone, and to herself nothing. All she had created was a dummy figure, a mask without a soul, a sham thing reflected in a mirror. Something within her cried, "But I did not mean that, I did not understand," and into her mind floated far-faded images, long-buried incidents, that she had pushed aside and trampled down. There was the

figure of a boy, the collar of his coat turned up, standing beneath a street lamp, crushing a cigarette under his heel. The grey shadow of a woman, who ran away like a frightened bird—and a girl with despair in her eyes. A blind man, his arms full of flowers, waiting in vain, and lastly, a girl who sobbed, pulling at her arm, "But, mummy, if you will only listen to me." They crowded into her brain, and ran along the narrow intricate channels, and through the twisted tortured paths. Then she knew that she could bear it no longer; then she knew that she must wait no more.

She rose from the couch and looked into the first of the five mirrors.

BREEZE

BY FORREST REID

EVERYBODY knows the way things have of turning up in the most improbable places, and I don't think I was particularly surprised when Morenni wrote to tell me he had discovered a Giorgione in Larné. What he wanted me to do was to get the picture photographed, an arrangement he had not had time to make himself. I am ashamed to say that till I got his letter I was ignorant even of the fact that Larné possessed a museum, but I had no difficulty in finding it—a couple of dingy rooms on the ground floor of an ordinary dwelling-house. What I failed to find was the Giorgione. A single glance revealed that there wasn't a picture in the place: the walls were bare; and, except for the usual cases of stuffed birds and flint arrow-heads, the rooms were empty.

There seemed nothing for it but to consult the curator, a melancholy little man with a black beard, who had bowed to me politely on my entrance.

"What makes you think we have a Giorgione?" he asked.

"Morenni," I replied. "I had a letter from him. He says he saw it."

"And Morenni—who is Morenni?"

"He is the greatest connoisseur in Europe."

At these words my melancholy friend suddenly became excited. "But this is most important!" he cried. "We shall be able to double star it, to triple star it, in the catalogue. It must have been taken to the other building. All the pictures were taken there last month. If you care to come with me now, we'll soon see."

Of course I accepted his offer, and, shutting the door behind us, we turned down a narrow alley, at the end of which the other building came into view. Surrounded by smooth lawns, itself circular in shape, with its slender columns and broad flight of marble steps, it looked a fitting abode for the picture we were seeking. Unluckily, on entering the alley we must have attracted attention, and as my companion unlocked the door I became aware that we had been followed by at least a score of interested persons. The room, or hall, we approached was as charming as the exterior had promised, but it did not in the least suggest a picture gallery. It had a delicately veined marble pavement of a pale apricot colour; there were tall green plants growing in tubs; and, in the centre, a fountain rose almost to the roof before dropping back with a softly musical splash into a basin sunk level with the floor. All round the circle of the walls were narrow leaded windows through which the broken sunlight streamed, and exactly opposite to the main door, at the top of another flight of steps, hung dark straight curtains, concealing the entrance to a second room.

It was in this farther room, our guide informed us, that the Giorgione must be, and he led the way thither, followed by the whole band of visitors, so that next minute I found myself alone.

I was not in such a hurry as all that, and I began to make a leisurely circuit of the hall, threading my

way between the plants, and marvelling at their beauty and profusion. Presently I came upon an easel, which supported a large picture framed in an old gilt frame. But the picture itself was not old; not older, I thought, than the 'seventies or 'eighties of the last century. It was a landscape, painted broadly and loosely, yet with considerable detail too. And suddenly I knew I was looking at a masterpiece. The longer I gazed at it the more I was convinced of this, and I think I had forgotten all about the Giorgione when at last I sat down in a chair that had been placed conveniently near. The naturalism of the thing was astonishing. I could see the branches of the trees waving, actually waving, as they were blown about by what must have been quite a strong wind. The tall grass in the meadow was all ready for mowing, and the two little girls who now walked out from the side of the heavy old frame, one behind the other, were knee-deep in it in a moment. They wore no hats, and their dark hair was plaited into pig-tails. They smiled when they saw me looking at them, but very shyly, and their smiles deepened, at the same time as the colour in their cheeks, when I spoke.

"How on earth did you get in there?" was what I said.

"It was Breeze who showed us," the nearer little girl answered, but in so small a voice that I could hardly hear her.

"Breeze?"

"He knows how: he told us what to do. . . . There he is."

I looked quickly to the other side of the picture, and there indeed he was, a little boy of eight or nine, not at all beautiful, but very jolly and bright-eyed, with a bow and arrow in his hands, which he promptly pointed at me.

"He reminds me of somebody," I said, though not aloud. "I wonder who, now? Who is it he is like?"

"The sun," answered the little girl, in the same small shy voice.

"The sun?" I repeated, not quite understanding what she meant.

"Not the round sun in the sky: the sun in the room."

My goodness: so he was! I saw it at once. But how extraordinary! I mean, how could anybody be like the sun, like what was just a glow, a brightness, a pleasantness?

I got no further in these questionings, for with one spring he had jumped clean out of the picture and landed on my knee. There, himself kneeling, with his short arms gripping my neck in a bear's hug and his nose about eight inches from my own, he began to laugh. "I can show you the way in. Don't you want me to show you? I know you do."

"In where?" I asked.

23 May 1931

"There—there." He pointed to the waving field of tall grasses, and the little girls chimed in chorus, "Breeze will show you: Breeze will show you." "Come round to the side," said Breeze, slipping down off my knee and giving my hand a tug. "Quick—before he comes."

But I had already heard the voice of the curator, who had evidently missed me from his flock and returned in search of me. "The Giorgione," he called out in a complaining tone; "don't you want to see the Giorgione?"

"Yes, yes; presently."

"Don't let him come near—don't, don't," Breeze whispered from somewhere behind my chair.

"The Giorgione," the curator repeated.

There was something intensely irritating in the way he stood there and kept bleating that one word. "I don't care a fig about the Giorgione," I answered impatiently.

"But I thought you came on purpose to see it. And Morenni—"

"I don't care a fig about Morenni either."

He mumbled to himself, gazing at me with an injured expression, but at last, with a shrug, he let the curtain drop. I thought he had gone, and turned to look for Breeze, when the now odious voice again was raised, this time almost tearfully. "I think you asked to see the Giorgione. We really can't keep the gallery open for you all day."

"Go away. Go away," I shouted angrily—the more angrily because I felt the very struggle to get rid of him was spoiling everything, was dragging me back, back to something of which I was already dimly conscious as another world, a less attractive world, a world I did not want.

"Quick—quick—he's coming. Oh, come quickly or it will be too late."

I still heard the voice of Breeze, but it had grown faint and far, as if Breeze himself were receding. The whole picture, indeed, was receding, was spreading out—from its frame—was growing greyer and darker and colder. . . .

"The Giorgione—"

A BALLADE OF THE ATLANTIC

BY O. M. GREEN

THE burden of much tramping—Round we go,

Eight times and eight again, two miles in all.

The heaving deck sways gently to and fro,

The walkers waver to its rise and fall.

It is our daily constitutional,

(The seasick shudder at our energy),

Till sounds the long-attended luncheon call—

So creep the idle hours across the sea.

The burden of much flirting—when the glow

Of sunset sheds around a golden pall;

When every girl becomes a Clara Bow

And quick devotions hold us in their thrall.

Even the older hearts forget the gall

Of older years, and, gay as twenty-three,

Enjoy the follies of the fancy ball—

So creep the idle hours across the sea.

The burden of much rolling—What a blow!

When all the gales of heaven together brawl,

When shirks the stoutest passenger below,

And mountain seas the labouring vessel maul.

Or through the North Atlantic mists we crawl;

Nightly the foghorn roars relentlessly;

The blankets vainly round our ears we haul—

So creep the idle hours across the sea.

My comrades, ere we pass to byre and stall,

What of the friendships sworn 'twixt you and me?

A bubble on life's ocean? Is that all

Left of those idle hours across the sea?

THE FILMS

THE NEW AND THE OLD

BY MARK FORREST

The Millionaire. Directed by John Adolfi. The New Gallery.

The Birth of a Nation. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The Palace.

GEORGE ARLISS'S new picture, 'The Millionaire,' comes to the New Gallery this week, and those people whose film memories extend over seven years will remember the silent version of the story which was shown then under the title of 'The Ruling Passion.' It is a comedy which has for its theme the maxim that a change of work is the best prescription for an over-worked man. George Arliss as Mr. Alden, head of the Alden Motor Works, is ordered a complete rest by his doctor, but on the advice of an insurance agent he stops boring himself to death and takes a half share in a local petrol station under the name of Mr. Miller. The complications that ensue with his family from the deceit which he is practising are fairly obvious to foresee, and the film works itself out pleasantly and humorously, but with no surprises.

George Arliss gives a delightful performance, and his first appearance on the screen in a modern comedy is assured of a big success. He is very ably supported by his wife, Noah Beery, Evelyn Knapp and David Manners, who play their parts as if they enjoy them, and though the fare is a trifle thin, what there is of it is altogether charming. The director has kept the picture in the right key throughout and the production is smooth and well-balanced.

Cinematographically there is nothing in this film which advances the art of the moving pictures at all, but it serves to show what is the best that is being done along the stereotyped lines upon which most American directors have been content to travel since the introduction of the talking picture. The revival of 'The Birth of a Nation' at the Palace may remind people for what the camera is really intended. Mr. Griffith has now added sound effects and a synchronized score to this film which made him famous in 1914. The picture suffers from the defect which has always marred his work, namely, sentimentality; but until its appearance, the exact scope of the cinema had never before been properly defined. Since that scope is in danger of being forgotten, the revival is on that account all the more welcome. Its release in 1914 marked the beginning of real screen work, and even to-day it stands out as one of the greatest films ever made. Mr. Griffith himself has produced other good work, but none of this, to my mind, has had the lasting qualities which characterize 'The Birth of a Nation.' Much of it to-day seems old-fashioned, but his grasp of the subject from the angle of the camera never falters, and it is surprising that with such an example before them modern directors have deviated so far from first principles. The advent of the talking picture has been largely responsible for the catastrophe, and Mr. Griffith's first attempt in the new medium, 'Abraham Lincoln,' was by no means the best film which has been made in it; still, he did try not to make the camera subservient to the spoken word. Should 'The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari' be revived at a cinema more conveniently situated than the one at Stratford, E., students of the pictures will be able to see for themselves the technical advance which Herr Wiene made in 1919 when he took the torch from Mr. Griffith. From that year until to-day there has been no film so outstanding as these, though the improvement in acting can be readily gauged from the wooden performances which such public favourites as Lilian Gish, Mae Murray, the late Wallace Reid, and Elmo Lincoln give in 'The Birth of a Nation.'

THE THEATRE

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

Lean Harvest. By Ronald Jeans. St. Martin's Theatre.

LEAN HARVEST' is precisely the sort of play which Mr. Ronald Jeans's previous dramatic work would lead one to expect from him. But perhaps you are too young to know, or too forgetful to remember, that five or six, or maybe seven years ago, in the days when revues were actually witty, it was almost always either Mr. Ronald Jeans or Mr. Arthur Wimperis who wrote the "sketches." Then they had no comparable rivals; since then they have had no comparable successors.

'Lean Harvest' or 'A Tale of Two Brothers,' the elder, Steven (Mr. J. H. Roberts), a steady, stick-in-the-mud, third-rate novelist; and the younger, Nigel (Mr. Leslie Banks), an ambitious, all-or-nothing, seeker of Success. We see them first in 1919 in their home at Chipping Hanbury, Dorset: Steven already "settling down," to his own and everybody else's satisfaction, as a mediocrity; Nigel, scorning the "safe jobs" generously offered him, refusing to be warned or intimidated by the scepticism of his elders, and deciding finally that in London only can he realize his dreams.

Scenes 2 and 3 of this first Act are London, two years later. Nigel is now a young financier; his dreams are beginning to come true. And then one day he meets a friend of his Dorset days, the smart and lovely Celia (Miss Diana Wynyard). They talk; she promises to introduce him to the very man he wants, above all other men, to meet—a really "big" financier, who may be "useful"; and the first Act closes with a hint that both of these twin souls have realized, within five pregnant minutes, that they might do worse than marry each other.

Act II—five scenes on a single evening six years later. The first is one of the most familiar *clichés* in contemporary English drama. Busy husband; neglected wife; and, of course, "the other man" (Mr. Nigel Bruce). But whereas this situation is usually the tedious substance of Acts I and II, to be followed by a third Act of factitious resolution, here it is no more than a brief prefatory note to introduce a Dream.

A letter from Steven's wife—a letter full of sunshine, roses and the peace and beauty of a country life—sets Nigel thinking of his brother. Was Steven, then, right after all? And is his life—of ease, security and (by comparison with Nigel's) indolence—the better life? . . . Nigel dreams and in his dream (materialized before us on the stage) sees Steven, then—in the confusion of the dream—himself in Steven's shoes. The picture is idealistic; for the wife is too adoring, and the children too angelic, to be true. And yet, for a dream, it is too realistic; and the fact that, in the middle of it, Steven (by a much too simple piece of trickery) changes into Nigel, is insufficient to persuade us that the scene is dreamt.

"Was Steven right?" Act III, Scene 1 (though three years later; which deprives it of its full ironic purpose) gives the answer. Steven in the country is no happier than Nigel in the city. Life on a limited income, with a wife and children to support, is not a bed of roses—even though the garden may be full of them. And his "loyal little wife" remembers, enviously, that she might, had she so chosen, have been Mrs. Nigel, with a house in Park Street! And so, hating it, but driven thither by his wife, Steven comes to Park Street, in search of "a job of some sort." Here we have a scene where Mr. Jeans is at his very best: Steven, inarticulate, mumbling, trying—vainly!—to come to the point; Nigel, friendly, willing to advance the loan that he supposes Steven is attempting to extract without too grossly asking for it. And then Nigel's casual, and yet fatal, crush-

ing observation: "You've no idea how many utterly incompetent and useless people come here trying to cadge jobs from me, just because they happen to be friends of mine." Steven takes the unintended hint, and retires to Dorset, domesticity and duns.

The final episodes occur in Park Street, some eighteen months later. Nigel—but forgive me, I forgot, Nigel is by this time very wealthy, and in consequence, "Sir Nigel." His life is fuller, more impressive and luxurious; but not, one quickly gathers, more enjoyable. Not for Nigel, that is; but for the bright, though anonymous young guests who patronize his parties, find his food—and more especially his drink and the comfortable couches in his study—to their taste. But the strain is too intense; and reaches breaking-point when he discovers Celia in the faithful Philip's arms. Next morning, when she leaves him, choosing to share Philip's unambitious penury, rather than her husband's unromantic fortune, Nigel has a "brain-storm."

And now, for the second time, Mr. Jeans deserts his customary style, and plunges—valiantly, but rather blunderingly—into . . . what I suppose I ought to call Expressionism. Mr. Raymond Massey, the producer of the play, wields the lighting and endeavours to control the storm; but the scene, though entertaining, and perhaps even impressive, to the ordinary playgoer, is not, is very far indeed from, satisfactory. One gathers "what he's driving at"; but that is all.

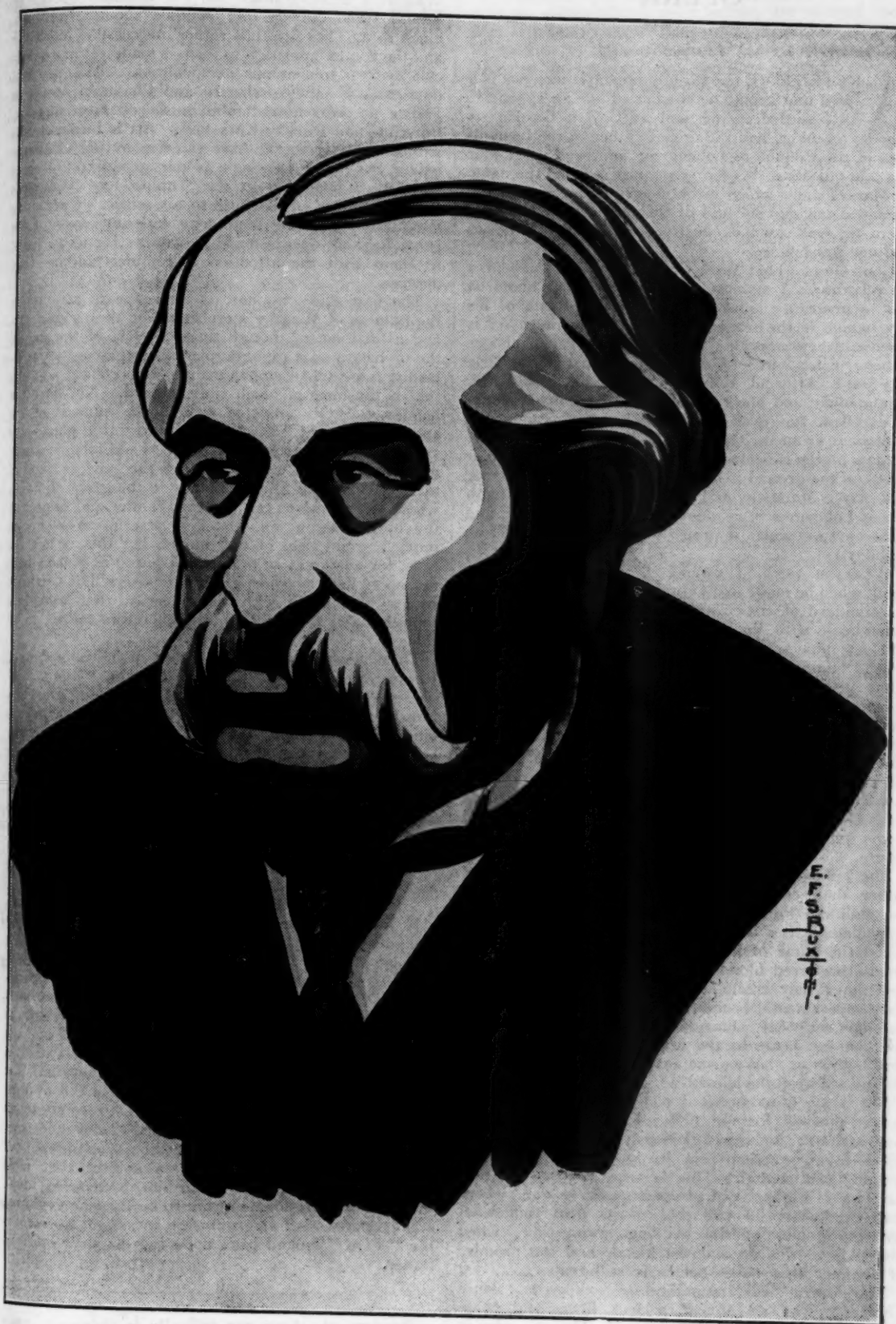
Last scene of all, Nigel is dead, and Steven and his wife are listening to the reading of his Will. And now at last the wealth that she, and the independence and security that he, has prayed for, are within their reach. Plans for the reaping of the golden harvest, and a happy ending to the play! But wait a moment; what was that I heard? "But my dear, you surely can't be seriously thinking of . . ." Nothing very much, of course; not more than the faint rumbling of a distant storm. A hint that the clouds are gathering. The curtain falls.

The play, for all its pessimism, is a comedy; for the characters are painted by a humorist. And the dialogue is often witty, always shrewdly apt. There are no dull patches in the story-telling; each scene is an epigram. Only when he ventures into unfamiliar waters does the author seem to flounder; the Dream and the Brain Storm must be written down as failures. The play is beautifully cast. Mr. Roberts decorates a fairly easy part with lovely detail. Of Mr. Nigel Bruce, it is enough to say that the part of Philip might have been written for him. Miss Diana Wynyard perfectly embodies Celia, the woman-about-town. The heaviest burden rests, of course, on the broad shoulders of Mr. Leslie Banks. One had known for some time that Mr. Banks was an excellent actor of dramatic rôles; in Mr. Jeans's play he proves himself as a comedian. His whole performance is—to use a word that sounds extravagant—masterly. Mr. Massey has made the play a highly polished, finely appreciative production.

FAME

BY J. TAYLOR

FAME stooped and clasped me to her ample breast,
 Caressed and soothed me, lulling me to rest,
 High in her arms enfolded from them all,
 I see them struggling there: I know the gall
 They taste, spooned out to each by callous fate;
 And in their eyes the glint insatiate
 Compassing that which I monopolize:
 I, once a crier, listen to their cries,
 Securely mated with the Golden One,
 Towering above, untouchably serene,
 Her chosen, verging to outshine the sun,
 And hers the whim to hurl me from the scene.



M. BRIAND

OPERA

Lohengrin. By Richard Wagner. Covent Garden.
Russian Opera Season. Lyceum Theatre.

A RETENTIVE but slightly eccentric memory is a curse that should be eliminated like an appendix. As I settled in my seat at Covent Garden on Monday evening, and the orchestra began the opening bars of the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, some evil spirit that has lain quiescent this ten years past recalled the name of Mark Twain, which incontinently or inconsequently reminded me that he said of this, apparently the only opera he ever saw: it consisted of a series of noises and one good tune.

Good God! That Mark wrote down to his audiences we all know; I suppose every professional humorist has to prostitute himself to the average taste of his day, which is the reason, no doubt, why the joker is essentially ephemeral. But why on earth choose *Lohengrin* for butt? And why make that particularly silly jest? After all, Wagner was not, like *Lohengrin*, invulnerable, and Mark Twain could have made plenty of excellent fun over the plot—that business of the enchanted swan on the Scheldt, for example, always borders on the ridiculous. But to deride this particular opera on the ground that it is not musical is like saying that clay is not sticky and water is not wet. The truth is that *Lohengrin* is as tuney as a musical comedy, and quite as spectacular if properly mounted. (It was on Monday.)

What on earth, I wondered, was Mark thinking about when he made that idiotic statement? What was his standard of criticism? Possibly some Methodist hymn-book with its cheap and catchy revival times ("Come down, Sal—, Come down, Sal—, Come down, Sa-a-al-va-a-shun"), or perhaps oratorio, that hinky of the arts, which Mark would certainly not have made fun of as he did of Wagner, because oratorio is technically "sacred," whereas opera is frankly secular. But Mark had to serve up what the public wanted, which is the reason why nobody reads him to-day; whereas Wagner cared nothing for the public or what it wanted, which is the reason why there is not a vacant seat when he is performed. If you want to be immortal, forget the mortals; they will catch up in time, like nature.

The *Lohengrin* plot, it is true, demands a receptive rather than critical attitude of mind. The son of the stainless Parsifal should not have deserted Elsa immediately after the honeymoon, merely because she asked the name of her father-in-law. (Gentlemen, it seems, preferred blondes in the age of romance, but sometimes they treated them rather badly; Ortrud, the temperamental brunette, would certainly not have put up with it.) Elsa, one feels, had bad luck; she lost her heart to the first white knight with the first leitmotiv. Was she really satisfied to lose the knight and keep the leitmotiv?

She may have been; for the music more than makes amends for the plot. Eighty years after it was written, it is as gloriously fresh as ever; a trifle cloying, perhaps, in its sweetness, but never actually sentimental. This is true genius—not perhaps at its highest and greatest as in *Tristan*, where love drinks its fill and dies of its own fulfilment, but the genius of the budding spring-time, when magic is in the air and the blood, and the promise of summer that never comes is still real.

The opera was magnificently rendered. Mme Lehmann was an almost perfect Elsa, and Mme Olczewska a powerful Ortrud. M. Maison, who is new to London, looked the part of *Lohengrin*, and contrived to get something of the wistfulness of the immortal who would fain stay with his mortal love into the farewell.

Opera shows a continuous chain of development from Monteverde, through Mozart, to the modern Italians. Wagner's music-dramas and the national operas of Russia stand outside this tradition though they owe much to it. They are thus rather inaccessible musically and the way of approach to them is made yet more difficult by two tremendous personalities. Wagner still dominates his own orchestra and Chaliapin seems to gather up into himself the music of Moussorgsky, Borodine and Rimsky-Korsakoff. Art is inconceivable without artists, but we have erred in setting Chaliapin before the music he sings as our grandfathers erred when they wallowed in the "uplift" of Wagner's thought instead of listening to his music. Only quite lately has a growing familiarity with the idiom of the great Russian operas made it possible for us to listen to them with the attention and understanding they deserve.

The first thing we note is that to ears attuned to the fullness of Wagner's orchestration they sound thin and a little mean, though there is none of the use of the orchestra as a gigantic pianoforte playing an everlasting tum-tum accompaniment to an acrobatic soprano that is the bane of much Italian opera. No, here the balance is nicely adjusted so that the interest of the audience remains focussed on its rightful place—the stage. Secondly, the vocal line rises and falls naturally in musical phrases and emphasizes the general trend of the words, working up gradually to the great climaxes whose repercussions can be heard fainter and fainter as the music dies again. Such a description seems to imply a great deal of dull music, but this is not the case, for a country so rich in folk-music as Russia may not necessarily produce great composers, but certainly endows their work with that sincerity, that homespun thought, that finds poetry, and therefore music, in all things.

These few remarks apply rather to the fully fledged Russian opera, the works of the Moscow "Five," but works by their great predecessors Glinka and Dargomischsky will also be heard at the Lyceum. Both are far more eclectic than the "Five" (Dargomischsky brought down Cui's thunder for retaining the set numbers of Italian convention), but if they do not show their successors' achievement they show their tendency by employing Russian librettos and folk-tunes, the latter rather conventionally treated. Nevertheless, when we consider the strength of Italian tradition in Russia in the first part of the nineteenth century, we can only be amazed at the Russian-ness of Glinka's work.

Though his first opera, 'A Life for the Czar,' probably owed its immediate success to certain lingering Italianisms, it was a move quite consciously towards a Russian style. The second opera, 'Russlau and Ludmilla,' is a further step on the chosen path, but perhaps because Glinka had walked too fast for the public, perhaps because of its unsatisfactory libretto (Pushkin was killed in a duel almost before he had begun it and the host of collaborators the fastidious Glinka called in effectually destroyed any continuity the original plot may have had) the work failed. Undeterred by this, Glinka made several more attempts to compose an opera, and here the artistic integrity of the man becomes apparent; he gave up working on an opera founded upon Gogol's 'Taras Bulba,' a subject that must have appealed very strongly to him, because he found that even his passionate desire to be Russian could not stand against his foreign musical training. No wonder the "Five" looked back upon him as their spiritual father.

Readers who have any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate direct with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 1 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

BOLSHEVISM AND THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN

SIR,—After reading the article 'A Franco-German Economic Rapprochement,' which you have published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 9 of this year, and in which my name has kindly been mentioned, may I be allowed to give herewith some further explanations to your readers?

First of all I wish to state that I would never have been able to succeed in bringing about the alliances between the French and German key industries without the active support of some very powerful men. At the end of 1923 I already had a first and very important conversation with M. Poincaré, then Prime Minister of France, in which he came to agree entirely with my views. Furthermore, I was supported by M. Briand, when he became French Prime Minister, and also by Dr. Emil Mayrisch, at that time President of the big Luxemburg Steel Company, called Arbed, who later on became first President of the "Internationale Rohstahl-Gemeinschaft," in which the heavy industries of Germany, France, Belgium and Luxemburg are combined. I also had a good many conversations with my late friend, Lord Melchett, at that time Sir Alfred Mond, President of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., which later on joined the alliance between the big German and French chemical industries. I think, therefore, that my own merits ought not to be exaggerated. Neither should it be presumed that those international industrial alliances are an absolute remedy against unemployment. Even the most gigantic, the most powerful and the most perfect international industrial organizations diminish in effect if the world markets are destroyed, which the Bolshevik leaders try to do systematically and with an increasing result.

The Bolshevik Government has, so to speak, abolished the buying power of this tremendous country. About 140 millions of Russians are thereby eliminated as buyers from the world's markets. The civil war, nourished by Moscow in China, has already reduced the buying power of this country, which is inhabited by about 400 millions of people, to such an extent that exportations from England alone to China have diminished from 30 million pounds sterling to less than 9 million pounds sterling during the period of the end of 1921 to the end of 1928, and so far as I know, are still decreasing.

In Dutch India, one strike, one boycott and one revolt of the natives follows the other, so that the buying power of this colony has diminished already to a degree that has greatly been felt by the mother country, Holland.

The Bolshevik agitations in French Indo-China have also become so noticeable that the French Minister of the Colonies has openly discussed this fact in the French Parliament now. The brand reaches British India also. If Moscow by political troubles succeeds in diminishing the buying power of British India—those troubles being stirred up by Bolshevik agents—whose population is said to be about 350 millions of people, as it has succeeded in diminishing the buying power of China, this would mean a new reduction of the world's markets.

On the other hand, it must be considered that in the industrialized countries of Western Europe, which are overwhelmed with people, live at least 70 millions of people more than can be nourished by the agricultural products of the countries, England's share therein amounting to at least 30 millions, Germany's to at least

20 millions, Italy's to at least 10 millions and Holland's, Belgium's and Switzerland's together at least about 10 millions. The industrialized countries of Western Europe, overwhelmed with people, are obliged therefore to import victuals for at least 70 millions of people in addition to their own agricultural production, being able to pay these supplements of victuals only by exporting industrial products on the world's markets.

Otherwise, if the world's markets are being more and more destroyed by Bolshevism, in taking advantage of political troubles, kindled and nourished by Moscow, the industrial activities of the industrial countries of Europe will be strangled. Unemployment is the consequence of such strangulation.

Actually, it is the great plan of Moscow to bring about, first, by destruction of Asiatic markets, and, furthermore, by destruction of the African markets, everywhere in the great industrialized States an economic stagnation and unemployment to such an extent that people there become ripe for Bolshevism.

Besides this indirect offensive, Moscow attacks by the Soviet dumping directly in the industrialized States of Europe and the United States of America.

The Bolshevik Five-year Plan will not succeed. This plan is absurd. The national market is the principal market for all industries in the world. Bolshevism has forcibly diminished the living standard of the Russian people to about famine point and has thereby destroyed the buying power of its own market. Moreover, if Moscow had but the lowest fraction of the milliards necessary to bring about by some magical power in Soviet Russia, who has been so completely ruined, industries which could by far be comparable to European and United States industries, the Red Chiefs would not have to beg everywhere for credits of some millions.

Nevertheless, Moscow will probably succeed in establishing a certain number of factories in Soviet Russia and to spread the production of these factories, based on slaves' work of Russian workmen, all over the world's markets without considering the cost price. At the same time Moscow buys on the world's markets, outside of Russia, industrial products and raw materials to be offered and resold on these same markets for prices lying beyond the purchasing price. Well knowing that it is possible sometimes to lessen prices on the markets, with relatively little quantities of goods, to such an extent that all possibility of existence ceases for the European and American industries, the Kremlin considers that in doing so it will succeed in still increasing economic stagnations and employment in all industrial countries.

I am, etc.,

Hersfeld, Germany

ARNOLD RECHBERG

MUSSOLINI AND MALTHUS

SIR,—Signor Mussolini mars his otherwise valuable article by his paragraph about Malthus, and the consequence of the modern development of production. He writes that "one may say that Malthus, who died a century ago, could not naturally foresee our era's prodigious multiplication of mechanical means of production." Then he remarks: "Yet, before all, the population of the world, too, has increased in unusually rapid proportion during the last century"—which is just what Malthus pointed out would result from a rapid increase of the food supply. In the next sentence he says that, apart from the foregoing, "Malthus's error is just as gross, because of the enormous mistake which serves as basis for his calculations" since "it is in no sense true that men multiply on the face of the earth in geometric progression." Malthus's theory was precisely the foregoing—that man did not multiply very rapidly except when he got into virgin lands where he could increase his food supply very rapidly.

The essence of Malthus's doctrine was that, except in new countries where the food supply can be increased very rapidly, a high birth-rate must cause

food shortage and poverty. The truth of his doctrine can still be clearly seen in the poverty of the slum areas of England and Italy and of the high birth-rate countries of Asia.

I am, etc.,
Queen's Gate, S.W.7 B. DUNLOP

ARNOLD BENNETT

SIR,—In your issue of May 16, Mr. Gerhardt relates that at a dinner party I passed a petition to Arnold Bennett asking for his signature and wrote him a note saying that his opinion was worth more than H. G. Wells's.

This incident exists only in Mr. Gerhardt's imagination. I have often dined with H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett, but have never asked either of them to sign a petition; and if I had I should certainly never have used the words Mr. Gerhardt erroneously ascribes to me.

I am, etc.,
J. M. KENWORTHY

SAXON OR NORDIC?

SIR,—Professor Macbride in his interesting article makes a confusing use of the term "Saxon" in applying it generally to the Northern nations. A modern term, "Nordic," would be less confusing. Better still, "Gothic," as having more history behind it. A convenient omnibus term would be "Teuto-Scandinavian"; the word "Saxon" is wrongly applied to the English. It is even more incorrect to apply it, as the Professor does for the first time among scholars, to the Angles, Frisians, Jutes, Danes, Norse, Goths, Vandals, Germans, and many others. The term was originally used by the Romans for certain tribes, cousins to the Franks and living near them. Charlemagne dealt drastically with them, as relatives sometimes will with relatives. These Saxons were the ancestors of the Saxons of modern Germany, and they were never in any political union with the English.

When Frisian seamen became active on the coast of north-west Europe the word was wrongly extended by the Romans to them, and when later on these Frisians with some Jutes formed the advance-guard of the Angles, and invaded Britain, the term "Saxon" was again misapplied to describe them all, and in its Celtic form "Sassenach" is much favoured by Scotch journalists and, perhaps, even by professors.

The Angles, Frisians and Jutes afterwards cheerfully answered to the name of English, but being fond of compromise, as they still are, when the term "Saxon" was thrust on them by Celto-Roman writers, added it to their own name and became Anglo-Saxons. "Anglo-Saxon" does not mean "Angle and Saxon," but "Angle or Saxon."

"Anglo-Saxon" is a convenient term to express a particular period of English history, but "Saxon" alone is a confusing word to use for the same period, inasmuch as there are people of modern Germany still known as Saxons, and to them the word should be confined.

I am, etc.,
C. L. HALES

'THE TASK OF HAPPINESS'

SIR,—Your reviewer has a perfect right to his belief that to seek after goodness is not a road to happiness, though there are respectable authorities (from Plato downwards) on the other side. But he has no right to attribute to me views which I neither expressed nor hold. It was not I but Stevenson who said that "the way to be happy is to be good": what I said was that "people who are trying to live up to a high standard are happier than those who live from hand to mouth." If religion meant "the passive study of the subject" it would be insane to suggest that it was the best road to happiness, but

the definition is your reviewer's and not mine. Again, I never "admitted" that we ought to go to church "just for the look of the thing." I only said, as the last of a series of reasons for church-going, that we went there "as a public testimony to the great truths in which we believe and of sympathy with those who, like ourselves, are trying to live by them." Your reviewer may, as he claims, have read all the books from which I quote, but I see no reason to believe that if he ever has occasion to quote them himself he will do so with accuracy.

I am, etc.,
C. A. ALINGTON

[Dr. Alington is so busy a man that he has no doubt forgotten the relevant passage in his book. On page 82 he writes: "No, there is no getting away from the fact that the master and mistress of the house *must* have religion if they are to be really happy, and if they have religion we must next consider how they are to show it. We cannot let them off 'going to church,' etc."

It is a pity that Dr. Alington should commit the very blunder which he rebukes in his last sentence. Our reviewer wrote that the Headmaster "over-quoted from the books which many of us have read for ourselves." Any schoolboy who regarded this as a claim to have read all the books from which an author quotes should be assured of a painful interview in the Headmaster's study.—ED. S.R.]

UNEMPLOYMENT ASSURANCE

SIR,—A typical example of the new evils caused by our system of unemployment assurance has just been afforded by one of the best managed estates in London, that of the Duchy of Cornwall. Following a change of management the staff of workmen employed has been dismissed and the estate work put in the hands of contractors for the sake of economy, the discharged workmen—ex-soldiers and others—after many years' regular employment on the estate, being thrown on the dole in the hopelessly congested state of the labour market. If these things happen in the green tree what shall it be in the dry?

I am, etc.,
OBSERVER

SUMMER TIME

SIR,—I have followed with great interest the letters appearing in your journal on "Summer Time."

As a school manager I can speak from first-hand information as to the ill-effects of "daylight saving" upon school children.

During the operation of "Summer Time" the late marks appear increasingly on the school registers, and the children are too tired and sleepy to pay proper attention to their lessons.

Mothers are harassed and at their wits' end, as no amount of persuasion, drawn blinds and darkened windows will convince the child that it is bed-time. To the child mind, while daylight lasts it is play time.

What the Daylight Saving Act is supposed to do, and what it does in actual practice, are two very different matters. I ask: Is this the way to build up an A1 nation?

I am, etc.,
London, S.E.1 ALEXANDER E. CHANTRELLE

SIR,—I am glad to see two letters in your columns, written in disapproval of "Summer Time." I am in substantial agreement with them both. Theory and practice are alike deplorable. No one would have kept the present hours if he had not been hoodwinked and deluded into doing so.

"Summer Time" is bad for agriculture and education, for cows and for children; it has probably worsened, if not caused, thousands of cases of influenza. The inventor of it was aware of the clock,

but apparently took no notice of the thermometer. Is it generally known that the first half of May is colder than the first half of October?

But "compromise is the soul of politics." Personally, I should much prefer the total abolition of "Summer Time." But failing that, I suggest that if it ran from the second week of July to the second week of October, some of its evils would be saved. April and May are too cold for it, June evenings are long enough anyhow. By beginning "Summer Time" when the days first shorten, the holiday-makers would get whatever benefit they think they find in it, and the weather would generally be more suitable. I recall that at a tennis and croquet club, before "Summer Time" came in players up to June's end were ready to leave, and often wrapping up, long before the light failed. In September, they stayed on till it was dark.

"Summer Time" gives us, in dull weather, many weary hours of twilight; in hot weather, it keeps us waiting for a breath of coolness; in the spring it gives us cold. Before it ends, the mornings are unpleasantly dark.

I am, etc.,

Bath

RICHARD R. OTTLEY

INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—The standing puzzle to the protestant is why God deliberately permitted His divinely inspired church to condemn Galileo wrongly in His name: for one must assume that God knew the truth which Galileo was proclaiming. Mr. F. O'Leary also puzzles me by saying (simply) that Galileo was condemned by the congregation of the Index which had no pretensions to infallibility. But does he not know that the Pope was present when Galileo was made to recant? Also that the actual condemnation must have followed notification of the case to the Pope, and that they promulgated his declaration? Also that two subsequent Popes confirmed the decision of that congregation in condemning Galileo? According to the Gospels God is more concerned with the Spirit than the Letter of the Law.

I am, etc.,

Headington,
Oxford

E. S. THOMAS

LIMITATION OF SPEED

SIR,—More than sixty thousand human beings were killed outright, by motor vehicles, in Europe and the United States, in 1930, and about two millions injured. The number of killed and wounded has thus reached the proportions of a war; but, in war, the women and children are spared, while two-thirds of the victims of fast motors are women and children.

How many children did King Herod kill in the "Massacre of the Innocents"? Our modern Jugger-nauts crush the life out of twenty thousand little children in Europe and America every year.

Four-fifths of the motor fatalities are directly due to excessive speed; and speed should be limited at its source.

The manufacture of motor vehicles, for use upon the public streets and highways, capable of a greater speed than thirty miles an hour should be prohibited by law.

I am, etc.,

Switzerland

BERTRAND SHADWELL

NEWSPAPER ACCURACY

SIR,—The older I get the more convinced I become that the man most needed in Fleet Street is "Datas."

How can I think otherwise when I read this in a daily paper of wide influence and immense circulation? "Several instances have occurred of murder verdicts being reduced to manslaughter. The most notable of these was one in which the man convicted was found to have been drunk when he committed the crime."

The sooner this fiction is demolished in a paper of standing the better.

The case referred to was one of a drunken watchman who lured a girl of eleven into his hut, outraged and strangled her. After his case was dismissed by the Appeal Court it was taken to the House of Lords and again dismissed. The late Lord Birkenhead, who delivered judgment, was emphatic in declaring that drunkenness was no answer to a charge of murder. However, the man was reprieved.

The first case in which the Appeal Court quashed a verdict was one of manslaughter. I am inclined to think this is the case which some mistakenly imagine to have been "the one previous case of a similar nature" to the quashing of the murder verdict in *Rex v. Wallace*. A young Manchester labourer fiercely beat his infant son, who died. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, but reluctantly the Appeal Court quashed the sentence because it was not clear that the assault was the cause of death.

I am, etc.,

Islington, N.1

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

HOUSEWIVES AND BAKERS

SIR,—I have watched with deep interest the experiment which is being so successfully carried out in Reading, where the bakers, the millers and the housewives have combined to make use of only home-milled flour. The advantage of this policy extends beyond the milling industry and is of benefit to agriculture as a whole by securing a greater output in this country of those offals so necessary for the feeding of livestock.

The example of Reading might well be followed voluntarily by other towns, but I would point out that the maximum benefit of this policy cannot be secured without legislative action such as is provided for in Mr. Baldwin's proposals for a quota of home-grown wheat to be compulsorily secured in all flour. When public opinion and legislative action work together, effects are achieved more valuable than when these forces pull in different directions.

I am, etc.,

House of Commons

W. S. MORRISON

SIR,—In common with all patriotic housewives I am delighted to learn that our bakers who sell bread made from home-milled flour are putting up in their windows official seals to let us know where to shop.

But why should not our drapers, grocers, chemists, ironmongers, fruiterers, outfitters, stationers and other shopkeepers each do the same thing for what they sell?

Then the housewife would be quite sure where she was, and the effect upon unemployment would be magical. A good step in the right direction is the attractive card saying, "We buy at the British Industries Fair," which is being shown in many shops at present.

I am, etc.,

7 Eccleston Square, S.W.1

CICELY G. ERSKINE

HINTS FOR MR. SNOWDEN

SIR,—Shoulders able to bear taxation are those of bachelors and spinsters over thirty, having incomes of £500 a year to spend upon themselves and their cigarettes or beauty treatments—where it cannot be proved they have aged relatives to support.

Considerable revenue might be derived from a small tax upon the tickets of crowds attending football and other cup-ties; and upon the luxury makes of motor-cars. Let the dole be definitely denied to able-bodied working women refusing domestic service, and reduced to those working half-time. Let superfluous expenditure upon fancy work, like the census and the re-planning of London cease until we are solvent.

I am, etc.,

WOMAN ELECTOR

NEW NOVELS

We regret that owing to illness, Mr. H. C. Harwood is unable to contribute his Novel Page this week.

REVIEWS

TOLSTOY REDIVIVUS

New Light on Tolstoy. Edited by Rene Fülöp-Miller. Translated by Paul England. Harrap. 15s.

THIS volume, garnered from the Tolstoy manuscripts, may well renew our delight in the great novelist, for the sketches and fragments from his workshop, most of which appear for the first time in English, represent him at one of his most interesting periods. He is feeling his power as a writer, and gathering his resources. Despite the full physical life he leads, his hunting, love making, management of his estate, he slaves at his desk, writing a thing over and over again, or striving to get the perfect opening of a story. Or he writes down the germ of his idea—in itself a good piece of craftsmanship—and throws it aside, perhaps for a long time, till it grows again in his brain, taking fresh or finer form.

Here is a first sketch of 'The Cossacks,' that early masterpiece, which long lay fallow and was not published in its final form till just after his marriage. It is vivid; and so are several other of his war sketches, with their economy of words, and sharp effects. Very interesting are the two descriptions of a fashionable Ball, in 'Young Love,' and 'A Ball at the Narishkins.' The latter is an unpublished chapter of *War and Peace*. Tolstoy in his prime, before he put on sackcloth and ashes, was eager to seize on the spectacle of a Ball or great reception, knowing it afforded scope for presenting humanity in a picturesque setting, and he paints such scenes with a sure brush. In 'Anna Karenina,' it will be remembered, there is a protracted ballroom scene in which Anna falls under the spell of Vronsky, to the mortification of Kitty, and there the novelist displays more grip than in these two examples. Yet they are successful, and 'Young Love' is quite charming.

Mr. Fülöp-Miller begins his selections with 'The Dekabrists,' claiming rightly that the story played an important part in Tolstoy's literary development. It was the novelist's first idea for a great historical novel, that abortive Decembrist revolution when a group of enlightened Russian aristocrats, imbued with French views of liberty, tried to overthrow Nicholas I in December, 1825. In the study of that epoch his ideas widened, and it was discarded for the larger canvas of *War and Peace*. Chapters from 'The Decembrists' were published in Russia in 1925. The fragment given here is evidence of the profound research which Tolstoy made, and short as it is, the Russian peasant lives in it.

The most arresting piece in the book is the longest, the comedy called 'The Progressives.' Tolstoy wrote it at Yasnaya Polyana somewhere about 1863, and read it to some literary friends at Moscow two years later. Amazing to relate, the project of performing it failed owing to the intervention of the censorship, as its subject was thought dangerous. It seems harmless enough, though vastly amusing. In this short play, the intellectual condition of Russian society is depicted just after the abolition of serfdom. Here are the young revolting intelligentsia clashing with the conservative landowning class. Tolstoy interprets both sides, and his irony has the air of impartiality. But although he loved the peasant, and loved liberty, it seems to me he chiefly enjoyed pulling the leg of the "moderns." Fancy, "moderns" in 1863!

It is surely a prophetic piece, this, for Europe has since had a succession of moderns, every decade, and it is a pity Tolstoy (not the preacher, but the novelist in his prime) could not give us a skit on our moderns

of to-day. However, here are the moderns of 1863—and in Russia. Here is the young woman, with her "We moderns know no prejudices." Here is the man talking to the girl: "In married life complete freedom and independence should prevail, otherwise it becomes an intolerable tie." "Do go on talking," says the girl, "I love to hear you." "We will stay together as long as we wish, and when we mean nothing to each other we will part again. This is new, but rational." "Fine, splendid!" says the girl.

The family is the enemy of intellectual development, says the lad, it kills one's individuality. "Your family crushes you down." "I am persuaded I stand on a higher plane than my teachers." Children at school? Oh, as far as possible each child ought to be left to develop freely. We must have these modern relations between man and woman—cast away old-fashioned prejudices. Parents? Regard them objectively, and you will find nothing to love in them. "Well, well," says the landowning parent—who might have been listening to Mr. Ronald Squire in 'The Breadwinner'—it isn't so easy to adapt ourselves to the new age." The new world, the new age, the spirit of the age, the moderns—*toujours perdrix!* In this comedy all the characters are alive in print, you visualize them, they are presented with verve. And there is, of course, the Slav inconsequence as well.

Among the new letters in the last section of the book is an interesting correspondence between Tolstoy at the age of thirty and the young Russian author Botkin. Tolstoy wrote in the course of his travels, and these letters reflect some of his disenchantment with Western civilization. At the time he was "more than ever in love with literature," though he repudiates the term "man of letters," and he has a good word for the laws of art.

"When I write anything, all I ask is, that some fellow-creature with soul akin to mine should share my joy, feel my indignation, and mingle his tears with mine. The need of sending out a message to the whole world is quite foreign to my nature."

He was then taking the infinite pains of an artist to write so as to reach the "imaginary reader" whom he always postulated. In his maturity his efforts were crowned, and he learnt how to convey and share his emotions as an artist, and a great novelist. At the close of his life, when he became teacher, preacher, and apostle, he was avid of sending out messages to the whole world. To touch on the contrast still provokes strife, to judge from a recent controversy; but I cannot forbear quoting from this book a terrible story by Ilya Ryepin, the painter. Tolstoy had turned his back on culture, devoted himself to the peasants, and preached for years a peasant gospel. Two years before his death, in the winter of 1908, this happened:

Tolstoy, who had been for his usual morning ride, burst into the dining-room, pale and in great distress. Burying his face in his trembling hands, he groaned aloud, while the tears came into his eyes. "Ah, the things I have just seen—the words I have heard!" . . . As I was riding along I overtook some peasants in a cart and spoke to them. They looked me up and down and scowled. Then one of them stood up and shouted at me: "What, are you still alive, you old hog? Hasn't the devil got you yet? You ought to have kicked the bucket long ago—you've lived too long as it is! Just look at his mangy old horse!"

"What's come to you?" I asked in astonishment. "What can you mean? I am Tolstoy—from Yasnaya Polyana."

"Oh, we know you well enough, you bloodsucker! You ought to be done away with!"

Then they began to exchange significant glances and to whisper together. I thought they meant to pull me off my horse and thrash me, so I gave him the spur, turned round, and rode straight home. Such a thing has never happened before.

A. P. NICHOLSON

IMPERIAL GERMANY

The Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, 1897-1903.
Putnam. 25s.

[FIRST NOTICE]

THIS is the first volume to be translated into English of a work that covers the whole of the author's active life, from 1849 to 1919, and that has already aroused more interest on the Continent than any book published during recent years. It may be said at once that it fully justifies that interest. It is true that there is often another side to many of the questions of which Prince von Bülow treats than that which he emphasizes, but in its broad outlines the book reproduces very faithfully indeed the world of politics and diplomacy during the six years with which it deals. It opens with the author's recall from his post as German Ambassador at Rome to be Foreign Minister, and when it closes he is firmly seated in the saddle as Imperial Chancellor. In the interval Queen Victoria has died, the South African War has been fought and won, and the shadow of 1914 has begun to fall upon the nations of Europe.

The first thing that the average reader looks for in an autobiography is some light upon the character of the man who wrote it, and in this respect Prince von Bülow is indeed illuminating, for he, consciously or unconsciously, reveals himself in all his strength and weakness. In the first place, it is plain that he thought himself superior to every other German, except possibly Bismarck, and certainly including the Emperor William II, and on almost every page he adopts the lofty, and contemptuously tolerant attitude of a very superior person. At the same time, he was clearly an inordinately vain man, for although he is at great pains to give the impression that he cared little what people said about him, he always quotes at great length any flattering letters that he received. On the other hand, one cannot read far before coming to the conclusion that these were but the foibles of a great man. Even when tested by other authorities, this autobiography proves Bülow to have been second to Bismarck alone among the Imperial Chancellors, for he had the outlook of a statesman of the first order, and he had the courage to stand up to his master.

Second only in interest to the light which the author throws upon himself is that which is shed upon the Kaiser. Bülow shows him as a good man but as a bad monarch. That is to say, as one who was kind and generous, if impulsive, by nature, but who was easily carried away by the temptations that were inherent in his position. He was always influenced by the personal aspect, and his policy was governed by the man with whom he had last spoken. The present narrative lends no colour to the picture of him as bent upon setting the world on fire, and it rather portrays him as the disciple of peace with which, rightly as it proved, he believed the future of his dynasty to be bound up. In effect, if Bülow is right, he was not a man of action, that is of sustained action, at all, and his correct epitaph would appear to be *Vox et præterea nihil*. One story included here gives a clue to the Kaiser's character. The Emperor sent Admiral Brin, the famous Italian naval architect, the plan of a battleship which he had himself designed, and received the following criticism in reply: "The ship which Your Majesty has designed would be the mightiest, the most terrible, and also the loveliest battleship ever seen. It would have a speed which has not yet been attained, its armour would surpass anything now afloat, its masts would be the highest in the world, its guns would outrange any others. And the inner appointments are so well arranged that for the whole crew, from the captain

down to the cabin boy, it would be a real pleasure to sail on her. This wonderful vessel has only one fault: if she were put on the water she would sink like a lump of lead."

Partly, doubtless, owing to his own feeling of superiority, the author is under no illusions as to the weaknesses of his fellow-countrymen. He declares that "the gods who gave our people so many productive, great and noble qualities denied them political sense," and in another place he complains of the German lack of moderation in politics, which he considers to be the principal reason why German history is so disjointed, while he admits that Germans are disliked because "we underestimate the value of forms." In almost every chapter he has to complain of the tactlessness of some general or diplomat, and when the Kaiser paid a visit to Windsor his staff had to be reminded to spare as much as possible the feelings of their British hosts. It is obvious that Bülow sympathized with the attitude of the Englishman whom he quotes as saying: "A big German fleet on top of the bad German manners is more than we can stand."

Nearly all the figures that flit across these pages are dead, though one of the principal of them is at Doorn; yet there is much to be learnt from what Prince von Bülow has to say of them. Without exception, save for Delcassé alone, he shows them as sincerely determined to preserve the peace of Europe, and as fully conversant with the danger of war. In spite of this, circumstances proved too strong for them, and more than one of the statesmen whom the author depicts in this volume as genuinely pacific has, in popular imagination, incurred responsibility for the outbreak of the late war. Are the successors of Bülow's contemporaries stronger men than they were, or will they, too, be swept along with the current in due course? This will not be the least important question that the reader will ask himself as he lays down the most significant autobiography of recent years.

MOCKING THE MUSES

A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English.
By George Kitchin. Oliver and Boyd. 16s.

THIS book is even richer than its title. Taking the terms burlesque and parody, never very strict or precise, in their widest sense, Mr. Kitchin, Lecturer in English at the University of Edinburgh, has really provided an almost complete guide to the fun to be found in the vast realm of English literature, the drama excluded. For his purpose the author is content to limit parody to the imitation (for the sake of ridicule) of a single work in verse or in prose, and to employ the term burlesque for the wider mockery of an author's habitual style, of the school to which he belongs, or of some prevailing fashion. The following passage suggests the author's view of the relation of parody to criticism:

Parody in modern times, that is since the seventeenth century, represents the reaction of custom to attempted change, of complacency to adventure of the mind or senses, and of the established political and social forces to subversive ideas. Perhaps its character is most comprehensively summed up by saying that it has for the last three centuries been inveterately social and anti-romantic. Politically it has tended to become more and more the watchdog of national interests, socially of respectability, and, in the world of letters, of established forms.

From this it will be seen that parody is the counterpart of comedy: if comedy, irony, satire, and literary caricature attack the pompous pretences and the hide-bound complacency of respectable pillars of society, once the force of such blasphemies has set a new tone, the wits in their itch for over-reaching novelty often launch a counter-attack, and so the revolutionaries in

their turn are ridiculed to the applause of the respectable whose solid virtues have not provided them with the weapons of their own mockers. To shock the respectable is the function of comedy: to scandalize the advance-guard is parody's pride. Therefore it follows, I think, that the Comic Spirit takes much the higher rank of the two, and that it is not uncommon for the great wits to delight in comedy while classing parody with parlour-games. Mr. Kitchin, his hands overflowing with fun, has an amazing knowledge of parody in all the ages, but I have not found in his erudite and delightful book my own favourite kind—that is to say, the unconscious (if usually brief) parodies of themselves that the works of the great stylists contain. Shakespeare poking fun at his own tragic heroes in *Pistol* and *Bardolph* and *Poins* was clearly detached. Wordsworth is the stock example of unconscious parody, but it can be found, I believe, in all deliberate stylists, and no parody of Rossetti has given to me half the joy to be found in Sonnet XLI of the 'House of Life,' which begins:

Like labour-laden moon-clouds fain to flee
From winds that sweep the winter-bitten wold. . .

which is the perfect mockery of his manner, just as, though it may seem like treachery to say so, 'The Monochord,' for all its glory of sound, is empty of meaning, and almost a parody of Rossetti's occasionally profound ideas. To clinch the argument, not even Swinburne's parody of himself in his 'Heptalogia,' with its extravagant surfeit of alliteration, is so apt a mockery of his manner as any of the weaker verses of his seriously intended poems. In other words, to conquer us completely a parody must pass beyond the form to mock the very soul of its victim. An egoist is the most deadly exposé of himself, and to get beneath the skin of a man's mannerism to that egoism is to pass from superficial travesty to exposure, an exposure that might deceive the very elect. This is a rare and very difficult feat. Mr. Max Beerbohm, as the author says, has attained to it because he has a superlative insight. The best of Mr. Beerbohm's parodies virtually has the quality of a hoax. In one of his weaker moments, the subject, we feel, might be the author.

Seen from this height, the field of great parody is small, and Mr. Kitchin puts its golden age in the nineteenth century, the age of Calverley and of J. K. Stephen, neither of whom, however, approaches Max at his best. On burlesque, too, the present age can boast its masters, for Mr. Belloc's 'Belinda' could pass for an original of the type that it mimics, and is therefore better fun, besides being more enjoyable for its own adopted merits, than, say, the seriously intended 'Irene Iddesleigh' was of the kind to which it aspired to belong. Mr. Kitchin has taken a professorial plan for his study of levity, and his book, so far as I know, really fills a blank in the literary histories. He begins with burlesque in medieval and Elizabethan times. He has a long chapter on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Then he traces prose-parody from its beginnings until he has reached the heart of his subject with 'The Anti-Jacobin' of 1799, from which it is a short step to Peacock and to *Punch*, now much more innocuous than formerly. It is impossible to indicate the wealth of material and of quotations in these learned and engaging pages. Probably no professor has had a better subject or produced a funnier book. The examples are carried right down to Mrs. Woolf's 'Orlando' and to Mr. Laurence Housman's 'Duke of Flamborough.' To the final page on literary hoaxes, I should like to see added 'For Love of the King,' which I am convinced it is ludicrous to attribute to Wilde even at his absurdest.

It is perhaps a sign of the dubious character of

parody that this book will be enjoyed most by the student of literature, and that those who chuckle loudest when some poet is being chaffed will be too trivially minded to appreciate all that Mr. Kitchin has extracted from his huge subject.

OSBERT BURDETT

MR. BINYON'S TOKYO LECTURES

Landscape in English Art and Poetry. By Laurence Binyon. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago Mr. Binyon wrote an essay (a classic in its modest scope) in which he interpreted the theory and practice of Chinese and Japanese art to western readers; two years ago he was asked to interpret English art to audiences at the University of Tokyo. The present volume is therefore, to some extent, a companion one to 'The Flight of the Dragon.'

To some extent only; for the business here, an oral feat, was more complex. To explain in half a dozen lectures the concurrent development of our landscape painting and poetry is one job; to accompany it with oriental parallels another; and, in the course of that proceeding, briefly to make clear to a Japanese mind, e.g., the philosophic basis of Blake's contribution to literature and art, quite another. Yet lucidity is never sacrificed, the strands are cleanly interwoven; and, though the appeal be eastward, one is seldom aware, in reading, of insistence on the obvious; the last virtue is rare in English books written for other races.

The word landscape is here used in the widest sense, as man's reaction, in art, to his natural environment. The Latin peoples, the lecturer thinks, are unfriendly to it, for to them man was the centre of all things, and the nude human body the supreme symbol of expression. He takes the ode on the Wind, attributed to Taliesin, as his starting point, and traces therein the northern spirit, which fused that of the Mediterranean with a love of nature. In Chaucer's orientally derived fragment of a 'Squire's Tale' he notes, apropos of Canace, the first stage in the progress of the human spirit outward from itself, and finds its counterpart in the marginal illuminations of Psalters, comparing medieval grotesque to Toba Soja's caricatures of the Buddhist clergy under the guise of animals. The last stage, he holds, is only reached when mankind recognizes its kinship with everything that lives. Such is the ground-plan of these 295 generously illustrated pages. Less than might have been expected is said of Shakespeare; and, though Millais's 'Ophelia' is reproduced in the Pre-Raphaelite section, Gertrude's speech, perhaps the first modern landscape in our poetry, is not quoted: Mr. Binyon prefers to dwell on the more Titianesque or tapestried effects of 'Venus and Adonis' and the night-piece in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

The second lecture is notable for a beautifully written passage contrasting the English and Japanese idea of a garden (Bacon and Marvell), and an account of the rise of water-colour and its relation to the topographical school. Here one is glad to find an appreciation of the Cézannesque work of Towne, after the Cozenses and Wilson. The third is mainly devoted to Girtin (eight reproductions), Crome, and Cotman, with a reference to the 'Ode to Evening,' four pages on Wordsworth (teaching of Zen), and a comparison between 'Kubla Khan' and a Chinese makimono.

Technically, the fourth lecture is the most successful, Rowlandson and Blake (who died in the same year) being compared, the one an acceptor of the world of daily life, the other in revolt against it, the looker out, and the looker in. The latter's break from the century's traditions is illustrated by the example of the poets Chatterton and Smart (Kit Smart died, by the way, in 1771, a year later than Mr. Binyon says, repeating the slip from his British Academy lecture of 1918), who escaped from

"Enlightenment" by medievalism and madness respectively. Could anything be neater than this criticism of Blake's mode of presentation?

He does not observe or try to represent the aspect of individual objects or living things. His rocks are not the rocks that a geologist would recognize; yet they are rocky. His leaves are leafy, though they belong to no known tree. Everything to him is the shadow of an animating spirit behind it. . . . The movement of things, the life in them, that was what inspired him.

Turner is dealt with at not quite twice the length of the section on Girtin; and here one is most disposed to grumble. True, Wordsworth and Turner are mentioned together apropos of Tintern Abbey; but the lecturer finds in Shelley the poetic counterpart to the master's later work. This judgment, by no means new, is misleading. Turner began with an aggregate of practical defined topographical detail, which he gradually refined away to its essentials, until he reached a sort of concrete metaphysical ideal. Shelley never did this, but seems to have leapt, with a sudden unexpectedness, from the puerilities of 'Queen Mab' to the "unimaginable forms" and "immeasurable void" of 'Alastor,' which hardly differ, in kind or intensity, from the luminous abstractions and "intense inane" of 'Prometheus Unbound.' Shelley at his best and chastest, as in the short lyrics, is not even superficially like the late Turner. Only think of the animal in the foreground of 'Norham Castle'; the painter has attained Eternity without quitting the ground. In Wordsworth you can find the best second period Turner, as here:

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:

but hints only of the third period, as in the description of mist opening in the hills, closing

That which I saw was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude.

Music, not poetry, affords the only analogue. A sound estimate of Constable brings up the rear of the fifth lecture.

The conclusion is, of necessity, more discursive than the rest, Mr. Binyon's catholicity including Paul Nash as well as George Clausen; but the four reproductions of Calvert's pastoral engravings make the last lecture a fresh thing. The only modern poets mentioned are Messrs. Blunden and Hodgson, and the authoress of 'The Land'; and the name of Robert Bridges is not accompanied by any reference to 'London Snow.' But one must not expect everything in a work of this scope, where even Spenser goes unnamed.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

HOW ANIMALS THINK

The Intelligence of Animals: Studies in Comparative Psychology. By Frances Pitt. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

MISS PITT'S studies of animal behaviour would be delightful reading for their own sake, quite apart from the ultimate implications of her observations; but they undoubtedly gain in interest by being brought to bear upon the problems of evolution and the distribution of species. Surely, however, she is preaching to the converted when she claims that intelligence, the power to profit by experience, must have a survival value. Who would now deny it; or, indeed, refuse to the animal world generally, even the creatures whose behaviour is most "instinctive," something, however little, of the reasoning powers we ourselves possess.

It is fairly obvious, of course, that animals do not look before and after, and pine for what is not, nor are they troubled by the nature of the Universe, nor, as Whitman put it, do they make us sick discussing their duty to God. But that association of ideas takes place in their minds, that they can make simple deductions, and that they can form images—unlike as those images may be to such as we ourselves form—seems to be fairly certain. Even as I write, my dog is listening for the clock to strike the half-hour, which he hopes will be the prelude to a run to the pillar-box. The folding of the paper, the sealing of the envelope, and the affixing of the stamp, will set his tail wagging with the assurance that his hope was not in vain.

There has, of course, been much gross exaggeration of the reasoning faculties of the animals with which we are most intimate, and it is Miss Pitt's strength that she demands nothing from our credulity. Always her deduction from the facts she observes seemed to be reduced to the minimum. There is nothing we can reasonably reject, unless indeed it be the superior intelligence of the ordinary bank-vole as compared with that of the bank-vole found on Skomer Island. That the ordinary vole's nervous tension has been of advantage to it may be accepted, but nervous tension does not in itself connote the intelligence which Miss Pitt here discusses. Now and then, as in the case of the Skomer vole, Miss Pitt travels beyond the familiar animals and everyday happenings of the park and paddock and pond and field of the English countryside. But ducks, wild and tame, peafowl, horses and dogs and foxes and otters, cows and pigs and sheep, supply most of "the cases" for her psychological investigations, which are never recondite, but always simple and natural.

Horse lovers will probably be a little shocked by Miss Pitt's relegation of the horse's intelligence to a lower place than that which it holds in the general esteem; but her conclusions may not easily be denied. Her fox studies are a delight. But her observations of ducks, cows, sheep and pigs are probably the most illuminating in the book. Rarely does Miss Pitt malign any of her subjects, but it is curious to find her saying that she cannot truly say she has ever known a cat that she believed to be disinterestedly attached to anyone; for the cat's attachment to persons is more likely to be disinterested than is the attachment of any other of our domestic animals. The fact seems to be that for a hundred persons who may attract the affection of dogs, there will not be one who attracts that of cats, who, if not more discriminating than dogs, are certainly more capriciously fastidious. But if Miss Pitt denies the cat disinterested affection she grants it intelligence.

"Instinct," considered as the sole factor in animal behaviour, has had such a long vogue that such books as Miss Pitt's are very welcome, supplementing as they do the work of Professor Rignano and other biologists, who see purposive movements, inspired by trial and error, in even the lowliest organisms.

GEORGIAN ENGLAND

Georgian England: A Survey. By A. E. Richardson. Batsford. £1 1s.

THE eighteenth century was the great century for England. It left her the great nation after all. Even Napoleon was proved only a flash of the great Panjandrum. England solidified in her Georgian civilization with her schools of painting, decoration and architecture, with her feudal squirearchy, her rough and tumble sports, her superbly eugenic yeomen and yokels, her class-bound aristocracy, her race of sea-captains, nabobs and gentlemen-adventurers, all working to up-

hold the tradition of Church and State and not projecting or refusing the so-called reforms of progress; all these made an England that could meet the whole world in arms. The detail of that civilization has been catalogued in this volume. It is a collection of facts told in current speech rather than a study or a speculation. The author is obviously an expert on some sides, such as architecture, but not necessarily so in literature. The treatment of Gibbon, the greatest English historian, and the greatest English novel, 'Tom Jones,' is insufficient in a book of Georgian glories. But elsewhere there is often real information tucked away. For instance, on the myth of Waterford glass:

There is an erroneous idea that every piece of eighteenth-century glass made in Ireland came from Waterford, and that this particular glass can be detected by its bluish tint. This imperfection, which has been magnified into a charm, was brought about by impure oxide of lead being used in the manufacture, and this might have come about in any of the Irish or English factories.

The pierced silver sweetmeat baskets of Plate LXXV show the origin of the famous Irish silver potato rings. The illustrations are copious and well chosen. They cover the whole period and make the Georgian arts and habits and ceremonies and civilization stand out as no written text can describe. What is it that throws a subtle thread of combination between Rowlandson and Hogarth's cartoons; Defoe's 'Moll Flanders' and Fielding's 'Tom Jones'; the Pump-room at Bath; Palladian-built country houses; Adams candlesticks and mantel-pieces; Sheraton and Chippendale furniture? There was a curious mixture of the coarse and the refined which made an England that was often brutal but never vulgar.

Towns were for noblemen and merchants, not for industrialized slum populations. The growth of machines and millions (both in dead or human produce) gradually broke down a State as well proportioned as any great Georgian mansion. All the Georgian life is here studied in compartments before any branch of life, class of people or side of art and amusement had become top-heavy. In Georgian England everybody and everything had its place, which was why even the poorest were undesirous to destroy the State. Perhaps humour, except in coarse caricature, was lacking to an admirable age. The author supplies us with a joke of his own when he points out that Winstanley's Eddystone Lighthouse was *not* by Heath Robinson. But Marly's skit on learned antiquaries, entirely dumbfounded by a tombstone with an English inscription in vagrant and varying lettering, is not only very amusing but must have given Dickens the idea for the great antiquarian discovery which once thrilled the Pickwickians.

SHANE LESLIE

FIVE TRAVEL BOOKS

On the Frontier and Beyond. By Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick O'Connor. Murray. 15s.

A Fugitive in South-West Africa. By W. Mattenklodt. Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.

My Greatest Adventure. By Malcolm Campbell. Thornton Butterworth. 6s.

Boom in Florida. By T. H. Weigall. Lane. 10s. 6d.

Catching Wild Beasts Alive. By J. Delmont. Hutchinson. 18s.

SIR FREDERICK O'CONNOR is only concerned with his official career; in fact, he leaves us in some doubt as to whether he has any life outside his official life, or friends among his own countrymen who are outside service or diplomatic circles. Thus the slings and arrows which outrageous fortune showered on him

during the war must have been all the more bitter, and the subsequent resumption of his proper work all the more sweet. While Consul at Kirman during the war he was arrested by the Persian authorities, and with the rest of the British colony was incarcerated at Ahram, and after his release and return to England, his mission to Vladivostock, in 1918, at the instigation of Lord Beaverbrook, could hardly have been pleasant. It is interesting to note that the capture of the famous secret German diplomatic code, which proved so useful in the war, took place in Persia shortly before Sir Frederick was arrested.

The greater part of Sir Frederick's life has been spent on the Indian Frontier; he took part in the Tirah expedition as a subaltern of a mountain battery, and accompanied the Lhasa Mission in 1903-4; he was subsequently appointed Agent in Tibet, and accompanied the Tashi Lama when he visited India for the Durbar of 1905. After the war he was appointed Resident in Nepal, and arranged much detail for the Prince of Wales's shooting trip in that country. The book is clear and lucid, and gives first-hand evidence of important phases in the history of Tibet, Persia, and Nepal.

Wilhelm Mattenklodt was a settler in German South-West Africa, who joined the German forces on the outbreak of war. After the surrender at Korab, he signed his parole and returned to his farm. Shortly afterwards he arranged to assist five German officers to escape from their prison camp, and when this was discovered, he decamped to evade arrest. He spent the rest of the war period as a fugitive and has hard things to say about the British; as a soldier his activity seems to have rivalled that of the author of 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

Sir Malcolm Campbell is a man of parts. Thus he contrives to make rather an enthralling book of what he describes as "a futile and in some ways ridiculous expedition." To sail to Cocos Island, off the coast of Peru, in order to search for hidden treasure in a tropical jungle, without native workmen or adequate plant, and only about ten days to do it in, is a form of adventure in which but few can hope to join.

Mr. Weigall is a journalist who proceeded to Florida upon his lawful occasions during the boom of 1924-5. He confesses that at the time he was completely under the spell of that amazing burst of development, and in respect of it he has not yet finally beaten down Satan under his feet. "Spanish," "Italian," "Indian" houses, "Moorish watch-towers," erected in these reclaimed swamp-lands, are hailed as "the highest standard of architectural artistry."

They were strange human types who controlled this playground. Engineers who started life as track-riders; "doctors" innocent of medical knowledge; mayors who could talk in complete ignorance of what it was they were talking about; but the complete absence of any reference to female influence in this paradise is a suppression, not an omission. The popularity of Florida as a winter resort dates from the war, when the Riviera was closed to Americans, and it was enhanced by the State's interpretation of the Volstead Act, and the ease with which fortunes were made; that this prosperity is now a thing of the past seems little matter for regret.

The art and practice of catching wild beasts alive is set out authoritatively, not to say pontifically, by Herr Delmont in a series of disjointed and unrelated paragraphs, which extend for 285 pages. There are many excellent photographs, but the last words are the most likeable part of the book: "I am seized with remorse to think that I have robbed so many animals of their freedom. I have learnt to love the dumb beasts, and never again would I capture animals, to imprison them behind bars. I have never consciously tormented an animal, and this is my consolation."

23 May 1931

SHORTER NOTICES

London Street Games. By Norman Douglas. Chatto and Windus. 2s.

TO gain the confidence of the children playing in the streets, as Mr. Douglas somehow contrived to do, must have been as much a labour of love as it was for Cecil Sharp to collect his folk songs. And as interesting a contribution to folk-lore as Sharp's old songs are the street games Mr. Douglas has assembled in this book. To trace their origins would be an enthralling pastime. Chivy Chase relates perhaps to the old ballad; and Pulling the Kaiser's Whiskers is clearly a reflection of current politics; but how account for I Spy—Spit in Your Eye, Mussentouchet, Shadow-he and others with titles similarly tempting? However, Mr. Douglas is not concerned with explanation (except as advanced by a factitious Aunt Eliza) but with exposition, often in the children's own words. These *ipsissima verba* may be difficult to follow, but they are delightful to read; and so are the chants—poor relations, as it were, of the rhymes Mother Goose has made familiar. Some of these crystallize the social drama of the poor, as for example, Caroline Pink, she fell down the sink, She caught the scarlet fever, etc. But never mind significance. For sheer joy this book merits a place on the shelf beside 'Alice in Wonderland.'

The Honourable Artillery Company in the Great War. Edited by G. Gould Walker. Seeley Service. 12s. 6d.

THIS volume contains accounts, contributed by several pens, of many of the exploits of members of this famous regiment serving with their own corps or, as was often the case, with other units. The whole goes to show that all members strove successfully to uphold the traditions and maintain the loyalty of a regiment whose records date from a very early period in English history. An appendix gives a long list of honours and distinctions won by the members of the old "Fraternitie of St. George." There are several photographic illustrations, some of which are from drawings by Private Adrian Hill, later an official war artist. A Foreword has been contributed by Lord Denbigh.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS
NEW SERIES—XXXIII

A. In the lists of best books published below, it is remarkable that only two books in the first list were written by women, and none in the second list of the fifty best books published in the last fifty years. This seems a little hard on women writers, and the SATURDAY REVIEW therefore offers a First Prize of Six Guineas, and a Second Prize of Four Guineas, for the best lists of fifty books written by women of all time.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW cannot accept any responsibility for MSS. lost or destroyed in the post.

As we have received many complaints from the Dominions, and more especially from Australia and New Zealand, that sufficient time has not been allowed for competitors from overseas, we have in this case extended the period during which entries will be received. The closing date of this competition will be Monday, September 28, and it is hoped to publish the result in October.

B. Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, was recently observed to be contemplating the reconstructed and enlarged building over which he presides, with an expression as nearly ecstatic as a financier can assume in these difficult times. It was whispered by stockbrokers (those hard-faced business men who are incurable romanticists if not sentimentalists at heart) that the austere Governor was in love; but being the very soul of silent discretion, he did not care to compose even in thought the chaste poem which his own true love—the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street—deserved.

The SATURDAY REVIEW, however, is under no such pledge of silence; and it therefore offers a First Prize of a Guinea and a Half, and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea, for the best Sonnet or Lyric purporting to be written by Mr. Norman to the object of his adoration.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, June 8, and the results will be announced later in the month.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XX
JUDGE'S REPORT

Lubbock's list of the hundred best books has been challenged, but the verdict of competitors is, on the whole, for revising it rather than for putting it in the waste-paper basket. Of the works proposed therein for reading, only three are quite friendless. Lewes's 'History of Philosophy' has been sunk without trace, and 'Self-Help' has disappeared with 'Holy Living and Dying.' What the passing of the two latter volumes may suggest in the way of changed views on this world and the next provides matter for meditation.

Somewhat to my surprise, 'The Last Days of Pompeii' and the 'Christian Year' still have admirers,

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while Schiller, Addison and Emerson each received a few votes. The 'Analecta' of Confucius and most of the oriental scriptures, which Lubbock included against his personal judgment, figured on two or three lists but were excluded from the majority. Here I would take the opportunity of congratulating entrants on their honesty. Most of them, I believe, abstained from recommending books with which they had nothing beyond hearsay acquaintance.

As regards the Greek and Latin classics, changes were rare, though Xenophon and Cicero appear to be held in waning reverence. Nobody omitted the Bible, the English Authorized Version being specified in several cases, and the Koran had more support than I anticipated. The continued popularity of 'Westward Ho!' was, however, my chief surprise. Among writers ignored by Lubbock who have now come into their own, Balzac and the Brontës are prominent. One competitor, I observed, arranging his chosen books in what he assumed to be their chronological order, assigned 'Jane Eyre' to the twentieth century.

Concerning the literature of, say, the last fifty years, the utmost disagreement evidently exists. No work of the period has been elected to the hundred by anything like unanimity. Judging by a number of lists, I must conclude that people who are ready to be guided by authority on the ancients, insist on freedom of choice when they reach the moderns or those who were the moderns within living memory. Thus, strange cravings for the 'Garden of Allah,' 'Thelma' and 'East Lynne' were revealed in catalogues which otherwise exhibited academic rigidity of taste. Hardy was better backed than Meredith. Shaw, Bennett, Galsworthy, Chesterton and Barrie were well supported, and Wells, I regret to state, has been admitted to the select company on the strength of his historical writing rather than as a story-teller. As I expected, Lubbock's allowance of fiction is nowadays considered far too small even by readers whose tastes are definitely serious. Also, I detect that English taste has become less insular. Anatole France, as well as Balzac, polled heavily, and Proust has been "discovered." The comparative neglect of Maupassant is, perhaps, due to the difficulty of naming any single volume to represent his genius. Russian, German and Scandinavian writers have been given a fair measure of attention, but a belief that Italian literature ended with Dante, and Spanish with Cervantes, yet needs to be dissipated. Of the Americans, apart from Poe, Dreiser and Lewis are the favourites. For the benefit of the Irish Free State Government, our own Home Office, and all others whom it may concern, I must put it on record that James Joyce is by no means without partisans.

In choosing the winning lists, I have followed the example set by sundry competitors. I have paid some heed to authority, and every now and then I have constituted myself as the authority. Matador's list of the hundred best books is, in my opinion, by far the best submitted, and I account it the best because it is the most catholic. It contains less poetry than I should like, but inclusion of the 'Golden Treasury' and the Oxford Books of French and German Verse is a clever attempt to make good the deficiency. The effort to pass off the 'Comédie Humaine' as one book is distinctly cool, yet, as Lubbock cheated in the same way over the Waverley novels, I excuse it. Second prize goes to Semper Fidelis for his list of the fifty best books since 1880. He would have been in the running for the hundred had he not spoiled his chances by proposing Hamlet instead of Shakespeare's Works and 'Prometheus Unbound' instead of Shelley's poems all bound together. Third prize is for Bluebird. Her choice of the five masterpieces of 1930 is pleasantly varie-

gated, and though I would gladly have substituted another volume for 'Angel Pavement,' I must admit that the book has gained enough suffrages to make me fear I am in the wrong. Of the remaining entries, the most interesting were those sent by Maritana, Avantgarde, W. H. B. B. and C. R. Haines. The first two were, in their very different ways, violently revolutionary, while W. H. B. B. was so reactionary as to permit nothing of later date than 'Treasure Island' among the hundred. Mr. Haines was persuasive, but I could not agree to ranking the complete works of Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Dumas, Hugo, as one book each. A single such swindle was the most I could allow any single competitor.

FIRST PRIZE

THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS OF ALL TIME

1. The Bible.
2. The Koran.
3. The Iliad.
4. The Odyssey.
5. The Æneid.
6. Herodotus.
7. Thucydides.
8. Livy.
9. Lucretius—De Rerum Natura.
10. Plato—Dialogues.
11. Æsop's Fables.
12. Euclid.
13. Tacitus.
14. Plutarch.
15. Longinus—On the Sublime.
16. Aristotle—Poetics.
17. Marcus Aurelius—Meditations.
18. Augustine—City of God.
19. Æschylus—Oresteia.
20. Dante—Divine Comedy.
21. Thomas à Kempis—Imitation of Christ.
22. Boccaccio—Decameron.
23. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
24. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.
25. Spenser—Poems.
26. Shakespeare—Plays and Poems.
27. Malory—Morte d'Arthur.
28. Montaigne—Essays.
29. Bacon—Advancement of Learning.
30. Hakluyt—Voyages.
31. Cervantes—Don Quixote.
32. Thomas Browne—Hydriotaphia.
33. Walton—Compleat Angler.
34. Milton—Poems.
35. Bunyan—Pilgrim's Progress.
36. Defoe—Robinson Crusoe.
37. Swift—Gulliver's Travels.
38. Racine—Plays.
39. Molière—Plays.
40. Descartes—Discourse on Method.
41. Pascal—Pensées.
42. Spinoza—Ethics.
43. Leibnitz—Monadology.
44. Locke—Essay on Human Understanding.
45. Hobbes—Leviathan.
46. Hume—Treatise on Human Nature.
47. Berkeley—Principles of Human Knowledge.
48. Rousseau—Emile.
49. Lessing—Laocoon.
50. Newton—Principia.
51. Kant—Critique of Pure Reason.
52. Gibbon—Decline and Fall.
53. Malthus—Essay on Population.
54. Boswell—Life of Johnson.
55. Fielding—Tom Jones.
56. Sterne—Tristram Shandy.
57. Adam Smith—Wealth of Nations.
58. Lamb—Essays of Elia.
59. Scott—Quentin Durward.
60. Dickens—Pickwick Papers.
61. Thackeray—Vanity Fair.
62. Tolstoy—War and Peace.
63. Dostoevsky—Crime and Punishment.
64. Hugo—Notre Dame.
65. Balzac—Comédie Humaine.

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MATADOR

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17. Ellis—Studies in the Psychology of Sex.
18. Spengler—Decline of the West.
19. Wells—Outline of History.
20. Strachey—Queen Victoria.
21. Shaw—Saint Joan.
22. Pirandello—Henry IV.
23. Barrie—Peter Pan.
24. Tchekov—The Cherry Orchard.
25. Ibsen—The Master Builder.
26. Strindberg—Father.
27. Hauptmann—The Weaver.
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29. Verlaine—Sagesse.
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31. Alexander Blok—The Twelve.
32. Bridges—Testament of Beauty.
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35. Butler—Way of All Flesh.
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40. Maupassant—Pierre et Jean.
41. Romain Rolland—Jean Christophe.
42. Anatole France—M. Bergeret à Paris.
43. Gide—L'Immoraliste.
44. Proust—A la Recherche du Temps Perdu.

45. Mark Twain—Huckleberry Finn.
46. Sinclair Lewis—Babbitt.
47. Theodore Dreiser—American Tragedy.
48. Undset—Kristin Lavransdatter.
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BLUEBIRD

RESULT OF COMPETITION XXXB
JUDGE'S REPORT

With only two or three exceptions, competitors agreed that the hospital treasurer, despite his objection to lotteries, must accept that quarter of a million offered by the winner of the sweepstake. But, in the letters of acceptance dictated for him, grace and logic were not always happily combined. L. V. Upward, asking if the princely gift could be counted "conscience money," was inviting a rebuff. Alpha began well by recognizing the vanity of ethical arguments about accomplished facts, but ended, as did many others, by drawing a weak distinction between a private and a public conscience. James Hall hardly covered himself with glory by suggesting that the cash might be considered as coming from the donor's original fortune and not from a lucky gamble. The same remark applies to W. Atkins, who wanted to leave decision to the next board meeting. Anthony Bloggs, declaiming against Chance, and then averring that "something more than Chance" must have guided this particular

Keeping Accounts



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draw, was amusing, but he should have signed himself Chadband. W. G., with his "See Acts, eighth and twentieth," was too brusque even for a refusal. By process of elimination I come to John Ryan, whose letter strikes me as an admirable compound of manly gratitude with man-of-the-worldly neatness. First prize will be sent to him in return for his address, and second prize, on the same condition, to Celtico, a promising practitioner in the neglected art of casuistry.

FIRST PRIZE

My dear Mackay,

You know what I think about lotteries, and know me well enough, I think, not to be in any doubt about my sincerity, so you will be very well aware of the quandary you have put me into by your quixotically magnificent offer.

I am not going to make any bones about accepting that offer, and with a gratitude on behalf of the Hospital and of the thousands of sufferers who are going to benefit that I should have to beggar the language to express. In this I am not taking refuge behind my Committee: if I were the whole Committee I should do the same, hoping that, as Naaman was allowed under special circumstances to bow down in the house of Rimmon for his own advantage, something of the same indulgence may be allowed to me for the advantage of all these poor devils.

You will have an official acceptance and expression of thanks by the same post: they will sound cold enough, as official documents always do. But believe me, my dear fellow, no gratitude was ever warmer than ours and few embarrassments can ever have been more blessedly relieved.

Believe me,

Yours always sincerely,

JOHN RYAN

SECOND PRIZE

My dear Sir,

It is with extreme gratitude that, on behalf of this Hospital, I accept your generous offer of £250,000 towards its rebuilding and endowment.

I note that the source from which this sum derives is that of moneys subscribed for the recent National Sweepstake, and, as my sentiments regarding the morality of public lotteries are fairly widely known and may have come to your ears, I think it well—in justice to myself and to this institution—to state, in brief, the considerations that have influenced me towards this decision.

Please understand that in no way do I renounce my opinion that public lotteries are a discredit to a nation. Arising out of a love of gain wedded to a spirit of gambling, they absorb for purely selfish ends financial resources that might be devoted to nobler purposes, and their customary effect upon partakers and public alike is deleterious.

How, then, you ask, can I reconcile myself to the acceptance of money from so polluted a source? My answer is this: Lotteries, in their origin, derive mainly from the lust for easily won gain. Were all wealth so derived devoted, as yours, to charitable ends, the spirit of gambling would die a natural death. Therefore together—you in giving, I in receiving—we establish a precedent which makes towards this most desirable end, while at the same time benefiting numberless sufferers and preventing those evils which might arise from the wrong use of a vast sum of money, to say nothing of the inestimable spiritual gain to your esteemed self.

It is in this spirit that I reiterate my thanks for your generous gesture, and remain, my dear Sir,

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RHYMING CROSS WORD—II ("GRIMALKIN")

By AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

Anagrams: Each of the anagrams printed at the side of the puzzle consists of all the letters of the line against which it appears.

Anagrams:

PAPER SO HOT

CASH LORE

DA RAN UP

E. IS A SLUT

TACK ON C. C. G

KNOW CAT?

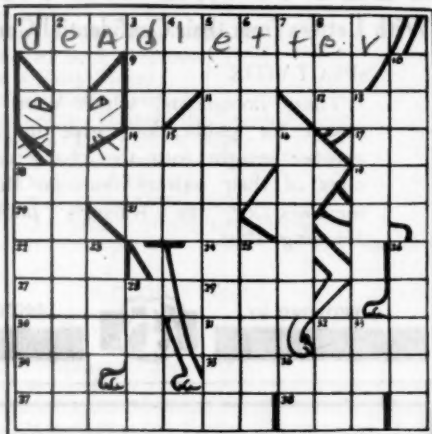
TELLS HER

A DEE VALE

MIKER'S ART

A VOICE, TOO

PLEASE ENACT



Across.

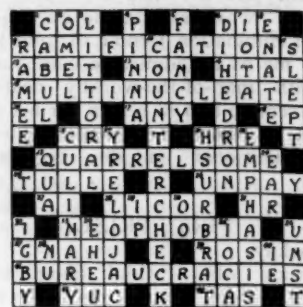
CLUES.

1. For missing letters this address will do.
9. Reverse of clear (I'm beastly sounding, too).
- 11-12. A Himalayan cat of ursine tribe.
14. I path to Hymen wrongfully describe.
17. Use me instead unless you wear a crown.
18. Add vessel (turned) to catch, and drink them down.
- 20-22. Let's see the colour—of your this (in slang).
- 21-19. 'Tis this you'll need to use a boomerang.
- 24 rev. The length of licence from small liberty.
27. Projects—in front of 26 (q.v.).
- 29-30. Received at length some fatherly advice.
31. By M.D. kept in mind, to be precise.
32. Reverse of this would this defence—or spoil.
34. This-rack's a hen you will not need to boil.
35. My tall, fair page proclaims my royalty.
37. Obliquely placed when in anatomy.
38. To help cry Havoc hot from hell comes she.

Down.

2. When borrower serves the lender this the rule (Prov. xxii, 7).
- 4-7 rev. Be damned to this, said royal somnambule.
3. Did this a tendon afterwards taboo.
5. 'Mongst men I'm scum, but dreg would be more true.
6. Produced by teeth, tongue, palate, lips and throat.
8. Produce I what produced me, please to note.
10. Iron engirt: I once enclosed the head.
13. For a *this*! a rash, intruding fool was dead.
15. A speechless father names his son (N.B.).
16. In case you've things of value if in me.
18. In right connexion follows (metaphor).
23. Reverse of morning after night before.
25. In rest in action: once I gay might get.
- 27a-26. Do this in this, you'll get both news and wet.
28. I tell but half the story since it's low.
- 36-32-33. Three little words to Madagascar go.

"TOUCHSTONE" SOLUTION



NOTES.

Proem: The Countercheck Quarrelsome ('As You Like It,' V, 4).

Across.

6. Two meanings.
12. To lay a bet.
13. Dies non.
14. "The Old Vice, Who with dagger of lath. . . ('Twelfth Night,' IV, 2).
- 16-18. *Elephant, Pele-rine.*
17. See Envoi, line 2.
19. Hue and Cry.
21. S-hre-w, s-hre-d, p-hre-n.
25. (a) the town; (b) the material.
- 27 in 31. "A h-ai-r of the dog that bit you."
28. Licor-ice.
42. Yuc-ker.
43. Tas-sel, vis-tas.
- Envoi: Line 2 supplies the missing clue to 17 across. Line 3 is an anagram of the uncrossed letters.

Down.

1. 1 Kings ix. 12, 13.
2. Phil-omel.
3. "Left the baby on the shore."
5. (a) 'Merchant of Venice,' III, 2, Song; (b) 'The Fancy.'
7. A jot; a letter; equals I.
11. 1 Kings xix. 5.
19. (b) to "cook" accounts.
21. "A touch of the tar-brush."
22. Italics for emphasis.
24. (a) to till; (b) ears of corn.
29. (H)ip.
30. i.e. in cricket scores.
32. Digby beheaded.
34. "Eheu fugaces, labuntur anni," (Horace.)
35. Tap-ioca.
38. The capital nu has the same form as the capital N.
40. *Id est.*

[The result of this Competition is unavoidably held over.]

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2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 477

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, May 28)

VENETIAN BRIDGE OF WHICH CHILDE HAROLD SINGS,
AND ONE NEAR STIRLING FAMED FOR MINERAL SPRINGS.

1. Prized for docility, endurance, speed.
2. When foe fronts foe, then me the gunners need.
3. From what is certain, festive board divide.
4. Injured—and an enchanter is inside!
5. If this you take to, soon your wealth will vanish.
6. Good tea will do it, and dejection banish.
7. His heart whose heart at his left hand is found,
8. and his who raised a long and famous mound.
9. Some ills that flesh is heir to I can cure.
10. Not transitory: destined to endure.
11. Well taught is he who ne'er commits such errors.
12. The great PASTEUR has robbed me of my terrors.
13. Old war-cry of the Gael, "which Albyn's hills
Have heard"—now cigarettes it puffs, and pills.

Solution of Acrostic No. 475

C	lo	Ck	1 "She was called Justice, of which
A	stræ	A ¹	virtue she was the goddess."—
R	enovato	R	<i>Lemprière.</i>
A	bnorma	L	Cf. Ovid, <i>Metam.</i> i. 49.
V	ampire-ba	T ²	2 See Waterton: 'Wanderings in South
CA	t	O	America.'
gaN		Net ³	3 The Bass Rock, near North Berwick,
S	event	H	"is the haunt of myriads of solan-
be	s	Om ⁴	geese,"—another name for the Gannet.
R	ush-ligh	T	4 <i>Besom-rider</i> , a witch. (Chambers's
A	rtichok	E ⁵	Dictionary.)
I	srae	L ⁶	5 Not the so-called "Jerusalem" (<i>girasole</i>) artichoke, but <i>Cynara Scolymus</i> .
			6 Gen. xxxii, 24-30. In the margin of the Geneva Bible it is explained that Jacob (Iaakob) wrestled "with God in the forme of man."

ACROSTIC No. 475.—The winner is Mr. T. Hartland, 13 Milton Road, Wallington, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Journals of Gilbert White,' published by Routledge and reviewed in our columns on May 9 under the title 'Gilbert White and Selborne.' Twenty-seven other competitors named this book, eight chose 'China: the Collapse of a Civilization,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Maud Crowther, Fossil, Gay, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Lady Mottram, Sisyphus, St. Ives, H. M. Vaughan.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—A. E., Barberry, E. Barrett, Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bolo, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boskerris, Buns, Carlton, Miss Carter, Bertram R. Carter, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Clam, Cuniculus, Farsdon, Mrs. Lole, Martha, Met, G. W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Peter, Rand, Stucco, Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—All, Bobs, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Glamis, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Jeff, Lilian, Madge, M. I. R., F. M. Petty, Rabbits, Shorwell, Shrub, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 8 baffled 30 solvers; Light 2, 17; Light 5, 6; Lights 1 and 3, 4; Light 6, 3; Lights 7, 11 and 12, 1.

E. BARRETT.—Enquiries shall be made.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competition and to post their solutions in good time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE general consensus of opinion in financial circles appears to be that a conversion scheme for War Loan 5 per cent. cannot be delayed very much longer. Mr. Snowden, on several occasions, has asserted that he proposes to deal with the question of War Loan when a favourable moment materializes. It is felt that he is not likely to find a better opportunity than will be afforded in the near future. Whereas in the past general opinion has turned in the direction of believing that Mr. Snowden would, as a first step, endeavour to convert part of the amount outstanding, to-day the view is being expressed that he may be tempted to make one bite at the cherry, and strive to deal with the problem in one transaction. On June 1, if he so desires, Mr. Snowden can notify holders of War Loan that he proposes to pay them off in three months' time. Obviously, he has not over £2,000,000,000 at his disposal for this purpose, and his statement would have to be accompanied by an offer to holders to convert their War Loan into some new Government counter. The great problem appears to be, if such an offer were made, what percentage of the existing holders would accept the invitation to convert, and what percentage would require a cash payment. From the point of view of a holder of War Loan, it must be remembered that he does not require cash, and, if he received it, he would, in a great majority of cases, wish to re-invest it at once in some other British Government security. In these circumstances, if the new stock offered was sufficiently attractive, it would appear probable that, as far as home investors are concerned, the majority would decide to convert. As regards the foreign investor, he represents a very difficult problem. Nevertheless, it would not seem impossible for an offer to be made to him that would prove acceptable, while, presumably, Mr. Snowden could arrange the provision of the necessary funds to pay off unwilling foreign holders. The crux of the position, therefore, seems to lie in the nature of the offer that would be made to existing holders. From the point of view of the Treasury, this would have to be not too generous, in view of the necessity of the operation constituting a material saving, while, if it is not sufficiently generous, it will not be accepted. It is felt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer may possibly turn to a new Consol 4 per cent. long-dated issue, and offer holders of War Loan the rights to exchange into this new stock, not on a level basis, but, say, on the basis of £105 of the new stock for every £100 of War Loan. Such a scheme should be feasible, but, again, its success would depend on the market price of the existing 4 per cent. stock. Naturally, the holders of War Loan would not consent to take up a new stock if they could acquire by purchase in the market a similar existing counter at a lower level. It will be seen, therefore, that the recent rise in Consol 4 per cent. must be proving helpful in the maturing of the conversion plans, and it would appear very probable that the rise in this counter will continue, the movement being stimulated by every possible method, so as to ensure as great a success as possible for the coming conversion operation. If the offer is made, holders of War Loan, obviously, would be very foolish not to accept it, always, of course, providing it is made

on an equitable basis. At the same time, unless we see definite signs of economy on the part of the Government, once the conversion loan is out of the way we possibly may see gilt-edged stocks once more receding in price. Given, however, any tangible sign that the question of excessive expenditure is to be seriously tackled, then, it is suggested, the whole gilt-edged market will continue to rise, and we shall be back on a 4 per cent. basis.

I feel I should point out that no credit will be due to the present administration for arranging this conversion scheme. It is only being made possible owing to the parlous conditions ruling throughout the world, and the fact that the Government has so shattered industrial confidence that investors are frightened to look outside the gilt-edged market for permanent investments. If this conversion scheme materializes, it will constitute a material saving to the Treasury, and one can only hope that the money saved will be utilized in reducing the overwhelming burden of taxation from which the country is suffering, and will not be taken as an opportunity for further wasteful expenditure.

GOLD SHARES

While the recent depreciation of so many Industrial and other counters has been aggravated by liquidation, it also has as its basis a feeling of distrust and doubt as to current earnings, the general opinion being that the results for 1931 will compare unfavourably with those of 1930, and will so lead to lower dividend distributions. There is one market, however, in addition to the gilt-edged market, which is exempt from these considerations—that of first-class South African Gold Mining shares. These have depreciated in sympathy with general conditions and as a result of forced liquidation. At the same time, there is nothing in the industry that should cause any uneasiness, and, as has been previously pointed out in these notes, these companies are employed in producing the one commodity which has not depreciated, and cannot depreciate, in value—gold. Investors who feel too nervous to purchase Industrial equity shares, and who already have more than a fair quota of their investment money in gilt-edged securities, might with advantage turn to the Kaffir market, and select such shares as Crown Mines and Geduld for permanent investment purposes.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO

A high opinion has always been expressed in these notes as to Imperial Tobacco shares. These have suffered seriously in price, as the result of forced sales by those who have had to sell to find money to finance less satisfactory commitments. The dullness of Imperial Tobacco shares appears to provide a good opportunity for the permanent investor to pick up stock at what seems to be an undervalued level.

QUICKTHO

It is somewhat unique to find one of the 1928 boom companies making headway. This, however, seems to be the case as regards Quicktho (1928) Limited. The chairman's speech at the recent meeting indicates that this company is making good, and holders of Quicktho shares should, it appears, retain their interests, as they certainly do not seem overvalued at the ruling quotation.

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Company Meeting

MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES,
LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

The Twenty-second Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders was held in Johannesburg, on April 23, 1931. Mr. C. L. Read, the Chairman, said: Gentlemen, the Directors' Report and Audited Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1930, which are to-day submitted for your adoption, contain the usual full particulars of the year's operations, and of their financial results. The tonnage milled, viz., 840,000 tons, was 4,000 tons in excess of the previous year's record. The yield of gold per ton milled was lower by 0.254 dwt., a falling off which the Consulting Engineer mentions in his report was in accord with the lower value of the ore reserve and the poorer values encountered in Upper Leader reclamation. Revenue consequently fell by 1s. 2d. per ton milled, against which working costs were reduced by 4d. per ton milled, so that the working profit was 10d. lower per ton milled, and, at an aggregate figure of £543,436 12s., showed a reduction of £31,126 15s. 4d., when compared with the working profit earned in 1929. After allowing for sundry revenue and expenditure, the total profit for the year was £575,315 7s. 5d. Adding the unappropriated balance of £336,939 4s. 1d. with which the year started, £273 12s. 7d. in respect of forfeited dividends, and the credit of £32,781 19s. 7d. in respect of Bewaarplaats accruals, there was a grand total of £945,310 3s. 8d., which was disposed of in the following manner:—

There was paid in taxation	£76,487 16 9
There was provided on account of the outstanding liability for Miners' Phthisis Compensation	£17,768 0 0
There was distributed in dividends	£560,000 0 0
and the balance of £291,054 6s. 11d. was carried forward to the current year.	
This balance comprised:—	
Shares, Stores, Sundry Debtors, etc.	£105,204 5 1
Net Cash, after providing for all current liabilities	£185,850 1 10
Total	£291,054 6 11

which was £45,884 17s. 2d. lower than the balance brought in at the beginning of the year. The decrease represents the extent to which the Company's liquid resources were depleted in order to pay the two dividends of 40 per cent. each declared during the year.

The Company's proportion of the outstanding liability of the scheduled mines in respect of Miners' Phthisis Compensation, as recalculated at July 31, 1930, amounted to £197,382, representing an increase of £9,173 on the previous year's calculation. A further sum of £17,768 was provided during the year towards meeting this eventual liability, leaving a balance of £107,772 12s. 7d. still to be provided. An "Outstanding Liabilities Trust Fund" having been created for the investment of amounts set aside from time to time, and Trustees having been appointed to administer the Fund on behalf of the Miners' Phthisis Board, the total amount of £89,609 7s. 5d. provided by this Company up to December 31, 1930—which includes interest to that date—has been handed over to the Trustees for investment. This position is reflected in the Balance Sheet by the corresponding items on either side.

The standard of efficiency of operations at the Modder B. Mine has always been high, and it was well maintained during the past year. Notwithstanding an increase of over 10 per cent. in the development footage accomplished, the working costs were—as I previously mentioned—reduced by 4d. per ton milled. Residues from the treatment plant improved from 0.311 dwt. to 0.204 dwt., and the percentage of gold extraction was fractionally better.

The development accomplished during the year totalled 21,408 feet, and 273,100 tons of ore of an average value of 6.5 dwts. per ton were opened up and added to the payable reserve. This was a satisfactory result, in view of the fact that development was all of a subsidiary nature and was confined to the exploration of areas of doubtful value. Such development operations cannot be expected to open up new tonnage on a scale approximating that attained prior to the completion of the major development of the mine in 1927, and consequently the new payable development again failed to replace in full the tonnage drawn from the ore reserve during the year. At December 31 last, the ore reserve, as recalculated, amounted to 1,226,400 tons of an average value of 7.03 dwts. per ton over an estimated stoping width of 51.9 inches. Compared with the reserve at the end of the previous year, there was a decline of 203,600 tons and of 0.36 dwt. per ton in the average value, the stoping width showing an increase of 0.2 inch.

The conservation of the payable ore reserve—so far as it can be effected without detriment to the profit-earning capacity of the mine—is a most important factor in the prolongation of productive operations, and in this connexion it is a satisfactory feature that during the past year the reserve was drawn upon for a smaller proportion of the total tonnage mined than in 1929.

The tonnage derived from other sources consisted mainly of ore from the better portions of blocks not included in the payable reserve, reclamation tonnage, development rock and Hanging Wall Leader tonnage.

The tonnage mined from Hanging Wall Leaders was slightly increased over that of the previous year, and constituted 12.9 per cent. of the whole tonnage mined. It was of low grade, averaging, as stated by the Consulting Engineer in his report, only 3.6 dwts. per ton, which is the value computed over the total width broken. Included in this is a considerable width of waste or barren rock. Moreover, the Leaders do not always constitute a solid ore body; they often consist of parallel bands of gold-bearing ore interspersed with layers of barren rock of varying thickness. When the whole is broken down, the barren rock is readily distinguishable from the ore, and is sorted out to an average of approximately 25 per cent. of the whole, and used in waste packs for support of the underground workings. By the elimination of this unproductive tonnage, the average grade of the remainder is raised to a payable basis, and it becomes profitable tonnage. The reclamation method of winning this Upper Leader tonnage, it should be mentioned, has proved less expensive than ordinary stoping, so that, in a detailed analysis, the working costs per ton of Leader ore milled are lower than the average figure of working costs per ton of the total ore milled during the year. Although no account has been taken of it in estimating the payable ore reserve, there still remains a considerable tonnage of low grade Upper Leader ore in the mine, which will continue to furnish a useful contribution to the monthly tonnage milled.

As foreshadowed by the Consulting Engineer in the concluding paragraph of his report, the average rate of profit for the first three months of the current year showed a falling off in comparison with the average of the previous year. The ore milled was 212,000 tons, the average yield per ton milled was 6.1 dwts., and the working profit for the period was £107,170.

I would like to record your Board's deep appreciation of the valuable services during the past year of the Consulting Engineer, Mr. J. E. Healey; the Manager, Mr. C. L. Butlin; the Secretaries, and their respective staffs.

I now beg to move that the Directors' Report, Balance Sheet and Accounts for the year ended December 31, 1930, laid before the Meeting, be received and adopted.

Mr. S. J. Bell seconded the motion, and expressed satisfaction at the manner in which operations at the mine were conducted. The resolution was then carried unanimously. The proceedings then terminated.

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